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Fatal effects of Falsehood.

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MORAL TALES;

By A FATHER.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
FATAL EFFECTS OF FALSEHOOD	1
THE PORTFOLIO; OR, WHAT IS IT TO ME?	25
THE PIECE OF GOLD	38
THE BOASTER	54
THE UNIVERSAL GENIUS	75
FATHER JOHN	108
THE WEARIED SOLDIER; OR, THE CHRISTIAN'S WARFARE	114
THE SAILOR BOY	119
JULIUS; OR, THE DEAF AND DUMB ORPHAN	129
FALSE INDULGENCE	163

MORAL TALES.

FATAL EFFECTS OF FALSEHOOD.

An honest tradesman, who had lived several years a widower in a sea-port town, earning with difficulty a scanty subsistence for himself and an only son, died in very indifferent circumstances, leaving this son almost destitute. His distress induced Mr. Stevens, a respectable merchant, who had known the father, to receive the orphan into his house. He gave young Williams,—this was the orphan's name—an excellent education, by which the boy benefited so much, that he gained the friendship of his benefactor, who took him into his counting-house, and gradually entrusted him with the entire management of his commercial affairs.

Williams had for several years rendered the

most essential services to Mr. Stevens, when the latter availed himself of an opportunity that offered to reward them. He was guardian to a young lady, the presumptive heiress of an uncle, whom fame reported to have amassed great wealth in the East Indies. Her hopes of a brilliant fortune had just begun to be a little less sanguine, on account of the length of time which had elapsed since she had last heard from her East-Indian relation, when she at length received a letter from Bengal, by which her uncle informed her, that, being in the decline of life, he wished for the company of his niece; but, if her youth and the delicacy of her sex disinclined her to the voyage, he requested a trustworthy person to be sent to him, that he might regulate with him every thing respecting the fortune, which he intended to leave her. Emily had scarcely attained her fifteenth year; Mr. Stevens thought her much too young to be exposed to the inconveniences and dangers of a long voyage; he preferred giving full powers, in her name, to a confidential person, and selected his clerk, Williams, for this office. The latter accepted the commission with pleasure. Independently of the great advantages held out by Emily's uncle, he was glad to visit the East Indies, the cradle of man-

kind, or, at least, of civilization. He remained two years at Calcutta, where he gained the friendship of Emily's old uncle to such a degree, that the latter would not suffer him to think of returning to England. But his death having happened some time after, Williams was very much surprised, when he found that the old man had assigned him a rather moderate sum for his expenses back to Europe, and commissioned him to take his sealed will and all his property, converted into bills of exchange, to his niece. Though seriously disappointed, Williams did not grumble at his fate. His prudent economy and the valuable presents which he had occasionally received of the rich East-Indian gentleman, had enabled him to amass a little property, with which he felt satisfied. He had no sooner settled all necessary business, than he embarked for England, where he arrived safely with his treasures. These he deposited in the hands of the guardian of Emily, whose accomplishments now equalled her beauty.

A few lines, written by the testator on the outside of the will, directed that it should be read in the presence of a magistrate and of Emily and her guardian, by Williams himself. The prescribed formalities having been attended to, Wil-

liams opened the paper, and, seeing the tremulous handwriting of an old man, who, for more than two successive years, had treated him with parental affection, began to read it slowly with considerable emotion. Emily was appointed sole heiress of her uncle's ample fortune, on a condition, however, which startled Williams. He found himself unable to proceed, placed the will in the hands of Emily's guardian, and hastily quitted the room, articulating a few indistinct sounds in his retreat. This condition was, that Emily should marry Williams; and, if she felt any objection to a marriage, which the testator had much at heart, she was to cede to Williams one-third of her inheritance. Emily did not hesitate to comply with her uncle's wishes; she cheerfully gave her hand to Williams, who had already gained her heart, and they were soon married.

By this marriage, Williams became at once the richest man of his native place. He gratefully remembered how much he was indebted to Mr. Stevens; but the latter would not consent to accept any substantial marks of his gratitude; only, on his death-bed, he recommended his son, Anthony, to Williams, who felt delighted at having it in his power to acknowledge by his kindest attentions to the child, the great benefits

which had been conferred upon him by the parent. He had little Anthony Stevens educated in his house, along with his son Edward, who was nearly of the same age. He insisted upon it, that no difference should be made between the two boys: but mothers rarely have sufficient strength of mind to attend to such directions, though it be their honest intention to comply with them.

Emily at first took particular care not to shew any visible preference to her son Edward; but her maternal jealousy was gradually aroused; every one found young Anthony more amiable than her child; and every body was right. Blinded by her excessive affection, she spoiled Edward completely, by disguising his faults and palliating his vices. The mischief, which he did from malice, she regarded as innocent tricks; and the most wicked of his actions were in her eyes mere youthful frolics. On the contrary, the more her severity towards young Anthony increased, the more did he avoid giving any offence; and the contrast between the two boys soon became so striking, that, one day, Mr. Williams, in a fit of bad humour, bluntly declared, that he would readily exchange his own offspring for his adopted child. These words, uttered in anger, and with-

out giving them the latitude of their import, wounded the heart of Emily, and betrayed her into an unworthy treatment of her husband's little favourite. Mr. Williams, however, remained ignorant of it, because Anthony bore her unjust harshness with patient silence.

A great many vices arise from bad habits contracted in youth, which a little attention on the part of parents and teachers might easily correct. But that which requires the most constant and careful watching is, the fatal habit of deviating from truth. Like a gnawing worm, it destroys at length the seeds of every virtue. A liar is the scourge of society; he is feared by his friends, despised by strangers, and avoided by all like a pestiferous being. Mr. Williams had strenuously combatted this vicious inclination of his son, the moment he saw him addicted to it. Edward yielded to this fatal propensity, sometimes from a false shame to excuse a fault, and sometimes from childishness, or to appear witty. His father, at first, made him ashamed of himself, every time he caught him telling an untruth; but was at length forced to have recourse to stronger measures, and constantly held up Anthony to him as a pattern of veracity. Mr. Williams frequently observed, that every false assertion has conse-

quences more or less serious. The smallest deviation from truth, he would add, may be attended with the most calamitous train of evils, though they may escape our limited sight. Besides, to go from truth, is to be wanting in respect to one's self. Be always respectable in your own eyes; be generous, honest, loyal; in one word, be worthy of the name of *man*, and you never can have any motive to have recourse to vile untruth; you will rather glory in making your thoughts known. To neglect this paternal advice is to draw upon you contempt, disgrace, and misfortune.

Had it not been for the weak complaisance of his mother, who generally had some excuses ready for him, Edward might perhaps have listened to his father's wholesome lectures. But, in Emily's opinion, the falsehoods told by her son, were either jokes, which convulsed her with laughter, witticisms calculated to convey the highest idea of his natural abilities, or mere childish tricks, not worth mentioning, as they did not betray any malicious design. In this respect, she might be right. Edward, at bottom, was not wicked; but his vicious inclination to deviate from truth was not the less reprehensible and dangerous. Proud of his mother's protection, he

thought his father over particular; and the more he was afraid of his severe admonitions, the more he felt impelled to deceive him. Hence, far from mending, he addicted himself so much the more to his favourite vice, as his proficiency in dissembling was rapidly increasing.

One day, playing with Anthony in the yard, Edward threw a ball with so much violence and awkwardness against a window of the drawing-room, that it shivered some panes of glass and broke a cup of fine china, which his mother valued particularly as a remembrance of a deceased friend. Mrs. Williams was extremely angry; she inquired who had done it, but obtained no answer. "I insist upon knowing it," said she to her son—"Speak."—"It was Anthony," replied Edward at last, in an under voice. This was the first time he perceived that the habit of deviating from truth makes us resort to falsehood as the readiest means of getting out of a scrape. "Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Williams to poor Anthony Stephens, "you shall pay for it, let but the coachman return!" Once before, on another occasion, Emily had had the young man punished by the coachman in a manner more degrading than painful, and Anthony had deter-

mined within himself not to submit to such a punishment a second time. He no sooner heard this dreadful menace, than he left the house; contenting himself with casting a look of indignation upon his companion.

Edward, stung by remorse, felt very uneasy all the evening; and, as Anthony did not make his appearance at supper, Mr. Williams inquired the reason. "The young fellow probably chooses to stay in his room," said Mrs. Williams; "he has again played me one of his tricks." She then related the fright he had given her, and lamented the loss of the precious china cup which he had broken; adding, that he very likely expected to be punished; but taking good care not to mention that she had threatened him with a punishment to be inflicted by the coachman. Mr. Williams finding that Anthony's offence was not a very heinous one, interceded with Emily in behalf of his protégé, and gave a different turn to their conversation. He then went quietly to bed, under the idea that Anthony had retired to rest long before him. But Anthony had not returned home; and Edward, tortured by his conscience, went, the next morning, to confess the truth to his mother. She was

greatly surprised; but, instead of reproving her son, she recommended him not to say any thing of it to his father, who would be very angry.

Mr. Williams, uneasy about Anthony's protracted absence, sent round to all his friends, and caused inquiries to be made for him on the high road and in the neighbouring villages; he even inserted advertisements in the newspapers, to induce the young man to return, or to request that he might be well used wherever he should be discovered. But all his inquiries proved fruitless. The youth was no where to be heard of! Edward, who was sincerely attached to the companion of his childhood, was much affected by an event, for which he upbraided himself; but which was soon obliterated from his memory. The only benefit he derived from the loss of his friend was the resolution which he took never to allow himself to tell a falsehood in future, whenever such a falsehood might be prejudicial to any one; as if it were possible clearly to foresee all the consequences of an untruth.

A few years after, Edward, one day, went to a celebrated fair, at some distance from his native place. In his ride thither, he took a wrong turn in a cross road; but, having met an honest peasant, who set him right again, he safely reached the

place, where he was much amused. He purchased a variety of trifles; gave them away to strangers, who laughed at him; and lost the rest of his money at a billiard-table. In the evening, when he rode home rather in an angry mood, he met, on the same cross road, where he had lost his way in the morning, a gentleman on horseback, who asked him which was the road to B. the town where the fair had been held. Edward directed the traveller designedly to the contrary road; and, when he fairly saw him take that direction, he said to himself: "Let him lose half an hour, as I did in the morning; it is his turn;" and felt delighted with having misled the stranger, who seemed rather in a hurry to get to the fair.

Although repeatedly warned by his father against the dangerous practice of idling his time away at a billiard-table, which generally leads to the pernicious habit of gambling, Edward yet frequently stole to a billiard-room; and having, one evening, played with more than his ordinary luck, he won a pretty round sum, which was paid to him in a bank-note. Mr. Williams, seeing by chance this note in the hands of his son, took it up to examine it, and asked him where he had got it. Edward, afraid of owning that

he had gambled, answered carelessly: "I received it at our neighbour's, the banker's."—"Let me have it," said his father; and he gave him the amount in cash, without informing him why he was so anxious to have the note. There had been bad notes in circulation for some time; and as they had not yet been traced, Mr. Williams thought he was performing the duty of a good citizen by apprising the magistrates that a bad bank-note had been paid by his neighbour T——, the banker, whose rapid fortune seemed to authorize some suspicion. The magistrates immediately issued a search-warrant; the house of the banker was searched, and no false notes were found; his books having been carefully examined, it was evidently seen that he owed his wealth to fortunate speculations and to constant success in an extensive business, which he conducted with the greatest integrity. Mr. Williams expressed a heartfelt regret at having caused so much unnecessary trouble to a worthy man, and owned that the circumstance of his son having been paid a forged note at his house had awakened his suspicions. Mr. T. the banker, protested that he never paid such a note to young Williams, who must have been mistaken, or must have badly explained himself. Edward

was immediately sent for. He confessed that he had thoughtlessly named the banker, without having the least idea that what he considered an insignificant subterfuge could possibly lead to any bad consequences. "No untruth is insignificant," replied his justly irritated father; "and it will be fortunate indeed if your falsehood have no worse consequences than your own disgrace."

His words were but too true! The banker's wife had been so affected by having her house searched, that her agitation threw her into a violent fever, of which she died in a few days, leaving an affectionate husband a mourning widower with five motherless children. Edward's heart was rent with sorrow; tears of bitter repentance and extreme anguish bedewed his cheeks; he solemnly vowed that truth should henceforth be held inviolably sacred by him; and that he never would, on any occasion, be it ever so trifling, allow himself the smallest deviation from it. "Alas!" exclaimed his father, deeply grieved, "it is a tardy conviction, gained at the expense of the heavy misfortunes you have caused; and even now I cannot yet perfectly trust you; but if you have any virtuous sentiment left, if you be my son, the appalling vision of this injured mother, whom you have sent to

an early grave, will haunt your couch and pursue you through life; and the sight of her afflicted children will for ever torture your heart." Edward was indeed distracted with grief; a settled melancholy preyed upon his mind. He had just begun to pay his addresses to a very amiable young lady, the daughter of an opulent shipowner; but love cannot reside in a heart stung by remorse. He broke off the connection, and for a long period of time shunned all company. At length, he became a little more cheerful; and, one day, asked his father for his consent to his marriage with the daughter of a respectable man, who, he was sure, enjoyed his esteem. Mr. Williams knew that his son no longer visited at the shipowner's house; he was therefore startled at his request; but when he heard that Edward meant the daughter of Mr. T. the banker, a young lady who was neither handsome nor much accomplished, he easily guessed at the motive by which he was impelled; and, affectionately taking his hand, gladly consented to the match, and loudly approved of his son's feelings.

Edward instantly proceeded to the house of his neighbour, the banker, who received him with visible surprise. "I come," said he, "to implore your forgiveness, and to repair, as far I am able,

the harm which I inadvertently did you."—"Repair your wrong!" replied Mr. T. with a bitter sneer; "how is that to be done?" Edward made his proposal; at which the banker's stern countenance relaxed into a smile. The only son of the rich Mr. Williams was indeed an excellent match for his daughter. The offer of Edward, who, excepting his former propensity to deviate from truth, was not of an unamiable disposition, was readily accepted. After a short courtship, the marriage was solemnized; and Edward regained a sort of tranquillity by laying the flattering unction to his heart, that he had now gallantly repaired the involuntary mischief he had caused. But it was not long before he perceived that the fatal effects of an untruth often are irreparable. Mr. T. was, no doubt, pleased with the marriage of his daughter; yet he could not forget her mother, by whose economy and wise counsels he had gradually risen from comparative poverty to a certain degree of affluence; he pined away in silent grief, and died, after the lapse of a few years, leaving the younger branches of his family uneducated. Edward, it is true, took care of their education; but he never could look at those orphan children without shuddering at the recollection that it was he who

wantonly and unthinkingly inflicted the wound which doomed both their parents to an untimely death.

Young Mrs. Williams was inconsolable at the loss of her father. To divert her grief, Edward made frequent excursions with her to the surrounding country. He, one day, took her to the fair at B. where he had been, several years before, when his mind was very differently disposed. On their arriving at the cross-road, where he had purposely given a wrong direction to a traveller, Edward for the first time upbraided himself with that untruth; and he was on the point of relating the circumstance to his afflicted consort, but a sense of shame restrained his avowal.

After having visited the fair, and been much amused with the crowds of idle spectators, and numerous buyers and sellers, and with the variety of shops and stalls exhibiting wares of all kinds, more or less tastefully displayed, they dined with the company at the best inn, where some ingenious trifles were handed about for sale by the waiters, in behalf of a few itinerant chapmen in whose success they felt interested. Among others, they offered several pretty paper baskets. Edward examined them with particular attention; they reminded him of Anthony Stevens,

the companion of his childhood, who was very clever in Papyroplastics, and generally devoted part of the long winter evenings to modelling in paper, in which he displayed uncommon ingenuity.—"Who makes these baskets?" asked Edward of one of the waiters.—"The man who is standing yonder, near the door," was the reply; "he is a young sailor, and lost both legs in battle." And on turning his eyes towards the door, Edward instantly recognised his long lost friend Anthony. He ran to him, and, to the great astonishment of the young invalid and of the spectators, he affectionately closed him in his arms. But Anthony's surprise soon subsided. Edward's features were too deeply engraved in his memory; he no sooner recognised him, than he pushed him back with horror. Edward's joy, however, was so unfeigned; his regrets at the injury he had done him appeared so sincere; he lamented the wrongs which he had inflicted, and their calamitous consequences, with so much energy and apparent truth; that Anthony was at length softened, and consented to follow Edward into a private room, where he related the history of his misfortunes. "It is but short," said Anthony: "when the abominable falsehood, which you told of me to your mother, drove me from

your excellent father's house, I wandered for some days in the neighbourhood of the town. Want at last forced me to enter a King's ship. I have fought in three engagements, and you see," pointing to his wooden legs, "how I have bled for my country in the last battle!" Edward felt his heart oppressed with grief at this recital. "I will repair my wrongs, as much as I can," said he with tears in his eyes. Anthony once more pointed to his wooden legs. "Stay with me," continued Edward; "be my brother, as formerly, and share all I have." The poor invalid, trusting to his sincerity, accepted his offers: but Edward, though firmly resolved to make him as comfortable as possible, could not restore his lost limbs.

The next day, Mr. and Mrs. Williams employed an hour or two before their departure in seeing the principal curiosities of the town. There was, among others, an excellent infirmary, which they visited. They went through the different wards, of which they praised the cleanliness and arrangement, and left in each some tokens of their beneficence. They then proceeded to that wing of the hospital where poor blind children were instructed in different manual occupations; and, in returning from thence,

through another court, Mrs. Williams perceived in a room, the door of which was left half opened, a handsome female, with dishevelled hair, which she carefully braided in plaits, but undoing it as fast as she had braided it, to begin braiding anew. Struck with her beauty and her apparent distressed situation, Edward inquired who that person was. "She is mad," was the answer. Mrs. Williams, frightened beyond measure, pulled her husband back, in order to hasten from this scene of distress. Their conductor assured them that they had nothing to fear; that the poor maniac had indeed been subject to fits of violent rage; but that she was grown as gentle as a child, since she had a friend near her. "And who is that individual?" asked Edward. "Walk in," replied the conductor, "and you will hear a tale of woe as lamentable as it is interesting." They beheld, in a corner, a man of a pale countenance, with hollow staring eyes looking down to the ground. "Is he also mad?" said Edward, in a low voice, to the keeper. "Oh! no. He is only deeply distressed. He stays here merely to wait upon her, who is less unfortunate, since she is ignorant of her deplorable situation." Mrs. Williams, less afraid than at first, ventured to approach the beautiful sufferer, and gently inquired what she

was doing? The maniac answered, with a painful smile: "I am dressing myself, to receive my friend; he is to arrive this day." This answer stimulated Mrs. Williams's curiosity. She anxiously wished to know more about the unfortunate female; and the keeper said that the gentleman who attended upon her readily told her misfortunes to persons who shewed some interest in her sad fate. Edward, therefore, went up to him, and requested him to gratify the pardonable curiosity of Mrs. Williams, who was moved to tears by their sorrows. The stranger looked sternly at him; but he could not resist the sympathy which shone through Mrs. Williams's tears.

"My father," he said, "was a manufacturer of this place. He lost my mother soon after I was born; and, being still in the prime of life, he determined to contract a second marriage. He paid his addresses to an interesting young person, whose affections he had the good fortune to gain. But she was under the guardianship of an old uncle, who, having taken a dislike to my father, on account of some trifling altercation on commercial affairs, refused his consent. For more than twelve months, they tried every possible means of subduing his opposition; but in vain. Yet, as the period was fast approaching when the

young lady, on coming of age, was to be relieved from the guardianship of her morose and revengeful relation, the lovers desisted from any farther attempts to soften the old man, and patiently waited for the blissful moment which was to confirm the union of their hearts by the connubial tie. But before that ardently expected day arrived, the uncle disappeared with his niece, and my father never could discover whither they went, or what road they had taken. He undertook several journeys, and set many inquiries on foot, through his numerous correspondents, without ever gaining the most distant intelligence of the fugitives. A short time before their departure, my father had taken under his roof a very young female child, named Eliza, who was brought up with me, and whom I used to call my little sister. As we grew up together, my father appeared to love us both with equal affection. At fifteen years of age, he placed me in the counting-house of a great merchant in the nearest seaport town. I had been there several years, when an express brought me word that my father had suddenly been seized with a dangerous illness, and wished me to hasten to him, because he had matters of the utmost importance to reveal to me before his death. I immediately set off on horse-

back, and rode with the utmost speed; but, as I had never been home during my clerkship, and had been taken to the sea-port town in a close carriage with my father, I was unacquainted with the road. I therefore stopped at a cross-way, uncertain which turn to take, when a young gentleman came up, on horseback. I asked him which was the right road to my native town; and the wretch, though he came from the very place, which I was anxious to reach, sent me in an opposite direction.

At these words, Edward turned pale. "When did this happen?" said he, dreadfully agitated; "how many years ago?"—"Five," replied the stranger; "it was on the day of the fair, from which the young gentleman was probably returning. I followed the road, into which he directed me, for the length of five or six miles, without making any farther inquiry; but coming, at length, to a turnpike gate, I asked at what distance I was from my native town, and was informed that I had taken the wrong road. I turned about, but my horse began to be fatigued, and it was near midnight before I reached my father's house. Alas! it was too late. My father had just expired, with my name hovering on his lips. After having paid the last honours to his mortal

remains, I diligently examined his papers, but I could not discover any vestige of the secret, which he had thought of so much importance for me to know. I found his affairs in the most perfect order; and, supposing that it might be some private wrong, which he had wished me to repair, I distributed copious alms to the poor.

"Eliza, in the mean time, had grown a very accomplished and interesting young person. She was much attached to me. We had always lived in harmony. I therefore resolved to marry her; fondly thinking that by so doing I was perhaps fulfilling the wish of my deceased parent. Eliza had the same thought. But a few days before our hands were to be joined in wedlock, a letter from a town in North America overturned our intended happiness at one blow. It was written by the lady to whom my father had paid his addresses after the death of my mother, and who had been forcibly taken to America by her uncle. My father had actually married her privately during her minority, and Eliza was the offspring of their clandestine marriage. Her mother wrote, that, after having been confined for several years in the most inaccessible parts of Louisiana, where her uncle vainly attempted to marry her to a rich planter, this revengeful relation

had just died, and that, being thus at length restored to liberty, she ardently wished to return to Europe, to spend the remainder of her days in the society of a beloved husband and a darling child. This child, Eliza, the legitimate offspring of my father, and my own sister, had been on the point of being my consort! Our projected union, of course, did not take place. I had strength of mind to yield to this dreadful necessity; but poor Eliza was overpowered by it. Despair, superadded to the reproaches of a timorous conscience, for having been so near committing a great crime, though unconsciously, deprived her of reason; she fell into violent fits of madness, which ceased only whenever I was with her. Yet she no longer knew me, and has not recognised me since; and as my presence alone is able to calm her agitated spirits, I have determined to share this abode of misery with her. It is the only good I can do her; and I will do it until it please the Almighty to recal one or the other from this vale of tears. Her mother is expected soon; what a scene of distress her arrival will cause! May the inhuman wretch, who wantonly plunged us into this abyss of sorrow, witness the horrors which he has inflicted. On hearing these words, Edward staggered a few steps backwards,

and fell senseless to the ground. When he recovered, he found himself in a bed at the inn; but his wandering looks distinguished none of the individuals who approached him. Towards night, he became delirious. His wife and Anthony did not leave him for a moment. It was long before his fever abated. For several weeks, he fluctuated between life and death. At length, his youth and the strength of his constitution prevailed; his health returned gradually; but peace and tranquillity were for ever banished from his heart.

THE PORTFOLIO; OR, WHAT IS IT TO ME?

YOUNG Theodore was amiable, but extremely indolent: he was never interested in any thing which did not immediately concern himself. "What is it to me?" he would often exclaim, particularly if he were requested to perform any little service for a stranger; "besides, I shall never see this man again, and I have nothing to do with him."

His father, who was a very sensible man, was

one day reproving him for his egotism. "The world in which we live," said he, "is so small, that in, some respects, we are all neighbours; and we never know how closely we may become connected even with those who only yesterday were strangers to us."

Theodore shook his head doubtingly. "You do not believe me, Theodore: come here, and I will relate to you one or two adventures, which have happened, not to me, but to some of our intimate friends." Theodore ran and fetched his little chair, and, seating himself at his father's feet, looked at him attentively, for he was very fond of hearing him relate little stories.

"You know Mr. West?" said his father.

"The one that always looks so melancholy?"

"The same. But do you know the causes of his melancholy?"

"O yes! His wife was poisoned."

"Well! and I will now tell you the cause. One day, in winter, Mr. West was returning from a journey, which he had been obliged to undertake on public business. A few miles from our town, he met, on the public road, an overturned carriage, from which three gentlemen and a lady had been thrown. The servants were putting the carriage together, that they might, if possible,

reach Breslau. The snow was falling in large flakes; Mr. West might very easily have offered to convey the lady and one of the gentlemen in his carriage; the idea in fact struck him; but he was pressed for time; his wife was ill; and, by taking in two additional persons, he would certainly be delayed half an hour; he, therefore, passed them without stopping, saying, 'After all, what is it to me?' The travellers were too polite to ask such a favour of a stranger, and merely requested that he would desire apartments to be prepared for them at the hotel. This he promised to do, and continued his journey.

"When he returned home, he found his wife still ill, though by no means in danger. Wrapped in a warm robe de chambre, he quietly sat down to supper: he thought, indeed, for one instant, of the poor travellers; but did not wish to dispense with the attendance of the servant, who was waiting at table; and saying, 'What is it to me?' he neglected to send to the hotel.

"His wife, who was overjoyed at seeing him, was, in consequence of the excitement, seized in the night with violent pain: he immediately sent to the apothecary for an opiate; but, on taking it, she became much worse, and died in frightful convulsions.

"She had taken poison: the apothecary, roused from his sleep, had mistaken the bottle; and, at the inquest, he excused himself by saying, that the repeated summonses of the servants of the hotel for medicines for some travellers, who were on the point of death, had so bewildered and harassed him, that when Mr. West's nurse had come in during all this confusion for a soothing opiate, he had by mistake taken down the wrong bottle.

"The travellers had indeed arrived about midnight: a fire was lighted; but, the apartment not being sufficiently heated, they retired to bed benumbed with cold. Their dripping garments were hung before the fire in an adjoining room; the door between the two rooms had been left open, and, the vapour filling their apartment, they must all have perished but for the solicitude of a servant, who came into their chamber before daybreak, when she found them already quite senseless.

"By prompt assistance, they indeed recovered; but the amiable and innocent Mrs. West became the victim of this accident.

"You see by this, my son, what fatal consequences indolent carelessness may sometimes produce. Had Mr. West performed his commission, the apartments would have been prepared;

the travellers would not have been taken ill; the apothecary would not have been confused; and poor Mrs. West would still have been alive.

"You know old Lewis, who formerly enjoyed such a large fortune?—Well, he now languishes in the greatest poverty. For a long time, there had appeared in the public journals an advertisement, inviting one Joseph Lisberg, who had been absent for some years, to present himself at a given time, either in person or by proxy, to receive his part of his father's inheritance; otherwise, he would be declared dead, and his inheritance divided. A subsequent advertisement was inserted, in the name of the only sister of Lisberg, entreating all the friends of humanity to give her some information about her brother, who, it was vaguely reported, had gone to India. Lewis well knew, from the letters of a cousin, who was settled in Batavia, that there was a man there named Lisberg, who, in consequence of his activity, had succeeded in all his enterprises. Thus Lewis possessed all the necessary information, and intended to communicate it to the sister; but, after putting it off from day to day, he at last exclaimed—'After all, what is it to me?'

"Several years after, Lisberg returned to Europe. His sister, who, in consequence of the an-

nouncement, was now in possession of the whole fortune, had married a merchant of Bremen, who engaged in great speculations. On account of the restitution, which he considered himself obliged to make to his brother-in-law, his credit lessened, his affairs gradually became embarrassed, and he was obliged to stop payment. His failure involved that of a house at Hamburgh, which, in its turn, occasioned the downfal of a banker at Breslau, in whose hands Lewis had placed all his fortune.

"Thus you again see, my dear Theodore, that had Lewis written to the sister of Lisberg, her husband would not have engaged in such large speculations; the houses of Hamburgh and Breslaw would not have failed; and Lewis would be still living in affluence.

"You knew old Mr. Wood?—He died of grief; his son still lives, but a lingering disease almost consumes him. What is this owing to?

"We were, one day, celebrating a great fête at our club: the whole party was given up to gaiety, and our hearts opened to benevolence and humanity. Some worthy Saxons, who had been deputed by the inhabitants of a village, which had just been destroyed by fire, to make a collection in the neighbouring towns, embraced this mo-

ment. They presented themselves before the happy group, in the hope of receiving their assistance; nor would they have been deceived in their expectations, but Wood suddenly checked the charitable feeling of his companions, by shewing them the list of the poor of their own town, who, he said, had a prior claim upon them. 'What have we to do with strangers?' This was the substance of his discourse: the poor Saxons obtained scarcely anything, and retired with sighs.

"They did not fare better in some other places; for, unhappily, this narrow-minded excuse was every where pleaded to atone for the want of charity. The sum they were enabled to collect was wholly insufficient to relieve all the sufferers: some got a little, others nothing.

"This, among others, was the fate of a poor miller, who, driven to despair, visited, for the last time, the smoking ruins of his house; and then rashly threw himself into the river. At a short distance, lived a man, who had a very handsome daughter; but, as she grew up, his fortune diminished; for she was extremely extravagant, and as she exercised absolute power over all the family concerns, she wasted in foolish prodigality his hard-earned savings.

"One day, as she was walking along the banks

of the river, she perceived the corpse of the miller, which had been cast on shore! Horrified at the sight, she fainted, and was carried home. She recovered but slowly; and the medical men ordered her to go to the waters of Toplitz. Though already ruined, the poor father consented; and she went. Change of air, the salubrity of the baths, and the various public amusements, contributed to her speedy recovery.

"Wood's son, who was at that time finishing his studies at the University of Halle, made an excursion to Toplitz during the vacation. Here he saw the beautiful stranger, was struck with the charms of her conversation, and determined to marry her. His father, to whom he represented her as an angel, consented; and the marriage was concluded at Breslau. She soon threw off the mask, and by her extravagance and mismanagement rendered her husband as miserable as she had formerly done her father. Nothing but discord and confusion prevailed in the family—the affairs got into embarrassment—old Mr. Wood died of a broken heart—and it will not be long before his son follows him into the tomb!

"Such, then, is the chain of these events. If Wood had not said at the club, 'What do the

strangers concern us?' the poor Saxons would not have been repelled—the miller, being relieved, would not have been driven to despair—the young woman's health would not have obliged her to be sent to Toplitz—Wood's son would have married a worthy young country woman; and he would not now have been dragging on a miserable existence."

The recital of these unfortunate events had the desired effect; and Theodore, who was naturally of an amiable disposition, became more useful and obliging.

One day, a comrade of his, whose father had a very fine orchard, asked him to come and spend the evening with him. The road was near a public garden, which was crossed by several avenues of trees and winding paths. In one of these he observed a young man looking about in great anxiety. Theodore watched him for some time; and, as the stranger's despair increased, he went up to him, and asked him whether he had lost any thing?

"Yes; my portfolio. It will be of little use to any one: but for me the loss will be irreparable."

Theodore asked him in which of the walks he had lost it.

The stranger, who had been walking about for some time in the various paths, did not know the spot. Theodore looked about among the bushes; but he soon gave over the search, and thought of the delightful afternoon which he might now be spending with his friend. "What is it to me?" said he, walking on; but scarcely had these words passed his lips, when he recollected the stories which his father had related to him; and he involuntarily stood still. "I shall do much better," said he, "to assist this stranger in looking for his book. I shall not lose the fruit; and, even if I should, I had much better do a kind action." He examined all the walks, with which he was well acquainted, looked into every bush, and at last discovered the portfolio behind a green bank, on which the stranger had probably been resting. He took it, and holding it, cried out, "Where are you?—Where are you, there?—Here is the book!" The stranger was sitting at the foot of a tree; and when he saw Theodore advancing with the treasure in his hand, he rose hastily, and, embracing him, exclaimed, "O that I were rich, that I might repay your kindness!"

"It is nothing at all," said Theodore, smiling; "I have done it with pleasure!" At these

words, he turned round to go away; but the stranger stopped him, and drew from his handkerchief a gold pin, which he gave him, saying, "I give you but a small mark of my gratitude. This pin is of little value; but do me the favour to wear it in remembrance of the stranger, whom you have laid under so great an obligation."

Theodore took the pin, thanked his unknown friend, and ran at full speed towards the orchard, where the fruits seemed now to possess an additional charm. He heard no more of the stranger; but carefully preserved the pin, which he wore on gala days.

Nineteen years passed on, and Theodore had grown a fine young man, and was generally beloved. He had, for some little time, superintended the manufactory of his father, who determined to retire from business, and to leave it to his son, after having settled all his affairs. For this purpose, Theodore was obliged to take several journeys. At Leipsic, he made some stay, as the concerns demanded his presence. Here he was introduced to Julia Rich, the daughter of a wealthy banker, and very amiable and accomplished. She was related to a particular friend, whom he frequently visited. He had, consequently, many opportunities of seeing and admir-

ing her. Julia, on her part, was not insensible to the praises which were universally bestowed on the young Silesian. Julia and Theodore, without at first perceiving it, grew every day more attached; and, at the end of two months, he ventured to say, "Ah, if I were but permitted to love you!"

Julia did not appear offended at this avowal, but merely said, with a sigh, that she feared her father would not encourage him.—"May I be permitted to speak to him?" asked Theodore. Julia nodded assent.

He requested some of Mr. Rich's friends to prepare him for this visit, and to speak in his favour. Mr. Rich, however, received him with evident vexation, and gravely replied to his suit:—"I have certainly been told many flattering things, not only of your father, but also of yourself; and I feel assured that you are too reasonable to wish that I should settle at so great a distance from me a daughter who constitutes all my happiness, and who is the only consolation of my declining years. Is it possible for me to part with her?"

It was in vain that Theodore promised to visit him every year, and even to settle at Leipsic

after the death of his father.—"I am sorry," replied he, "but I cannot part with my daughter."

Theodore was distressed by this denial. He stood motionless. Mr. Rich looked at him with attention, and then suddenly exclaimed, "Where did you get that brooch?"

"I have preserved it since I was a boy."

"But how did you get it?"

Theodore briefly related the adventure. Mr. Rich seized his hand, exclaiming, "Julia is your's! I dare not refuse her! To you I am indebted for every thing I possess!" He then told him, that he had been only a poor commission merchant, with nothing in the world but the portfolio, which contained certificates of his good conduct, and a letter of recommendation, which a merchant had given him before his death, and which it was therefore impossible for him to replace;—that by means of these papers he obtained a situation in one of the first mercantile houses, where he gained the affection of the principal, and became eventually both his son-in-law and heir to his fortune.

"In this event," added he, "I recognize the wise disposition of Providence! You may carry my daughter away with you. If, at the gates

of Breslau, when you returned my portfolio, any one had said to me, 'Could you at any time refuse your daughter to this young man, if the germs of the virtues which he now carries in his breast shall have been developed?' I should certainly have replied, 'No,' with the greatest pleasure; why then should I think differently now?"

Julia was called in; and, having avowed her affection for her father's young friend, their marriage was celebrated; and Theodore, in the overflowing of his happiness, repeated the excellent maxim of his father, and exclaimed, "And I too will instruct my children, that they shall never say—What is it to me?"

THE PIECE OF GOLD.

If, among the benefits which we confer, some produce only ingratitude and forgetfulness, yet others yield the most delightful enjoyment, and give birth to never-failing associations of unmixed pleasure.

Harriet, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, named Murval, was sitting, one fine summer's evening, at a bow-window of her father's mansion, with several young companions: and while various parties were engaged at cards in the drawing-room, they were diverting themselves with watching two little natives of Auvergne, who were performing the dance of their country to the sound of the bagpipe, whose harsh tones were in perfect accordance with the grotesque movements and shrill voices of the two mountaineers.

Harriet, who laughed heartily at the sight of their contortions, was amusing herself with her young friends, when one of the boys came up to the balcony, and, holding out his hat, asked for charity for the little Auvergnese.

Harriet, who had no money about her, turned from the window, and, going up to her father, who was playing at cards, asked him for a trifle, to give to two poor mountaineers. Mr. Murval gave his daughter several pieces of money, which she wrapped in a slip of paper, and threw to the youthful dancer; who, still holding his tattered hat, said to the young people, "God will reward you!" So saying, he put the paper into his pocket, together with what

had been thrown to him from other windows, and disappeared with his companion, who had continued playing the bagpipe.

The following morning, at breakfast, Harriet described to her father the comical dance of the two Auvergnese, and deplored the fate of these poor children, who, at so early an age, were separated from their parents, and removed above two hundred leagues from their native village, to endure the greatest hardships, and all the inclemencies of the season; and, what is perhaps even more painful, to be witnesses to the pomp and ostentation of the wealthy.

Mr. Murval endeavoured to improve these just observations of his daughter, by shewing her how thankful we ought to be for the favours of fortune, and the advantages of a careful education; and how unworthy we prove of the blessings which Providence bestows on us, if we refuse to assist the unfortunate, who are deprived of these gifts.

While the father was yet conversing with his daughter on this interesting subject, a servant came in to say, that two little Auvergnese desired to speak with the young lady.

"If they should turn out to be those two who

amused me so much yesterday!" exclaimed Harriet. "What can they want with me?"

"Tell them to come in," said Mr. Murval. The servant immediately brought in the two little mountaineers, who, fearful of leaving the marks of their feet on the carpet, had put off their shoes in the hall, and advanced barefooted. "They are the same!" cried Harriet, when she perceived them. "What do you want?" said Mr. Murval. The boys were some time before they could summon courage to answer, and looked at each other as if doubting which should begin. The elder, at last, taking from his bosom a little purse filled with dirty copper, said, "Excuse me, my good Sir, that I venture to appear before you; but in the little packet, which the young lady threw to us yesterday, I found this piece of gold, which could certainly not have been intended for us, and which we therefore take the liberty of bringing you back. Here it is." So saying, he timidly placed a louis-d'or on the edge of the table.

"But what could make you suppose that it was I, rather than any other person, who threw you this money?"

"Oh! I am sure it was you!" replied the

younger, who had not yet ventured to speak. "I well remember the little packet, which you threw into my hat."

"The money is yours: nothing can be more certain," added the elder; "take it back, I beg of you!"

"I see," replied Mr. Murval, "that I must have given it to my daughter by mistake. Yes, I will take back this louis, but it shall be to recompense your honesty and encourage your probity. Take it," continued he, returning it to the eldest; "I give it you with all my heart, and hope it may profit you."

"You are only joking us!" said the little Auvergne.

"I am not joking, I assure you. Take this piece of money."—"And I," said Harriet, "to shew you that I love to recompense and encourage such good qualities, will double the sum, and I wish that you should each possess your little treasure." So saying, she took a louis out of her purse, and gave it to the youngest. The two children, looking at each other, and catching each others thoughts, as it were by sympathy, threw themselves at the feet of Mr. Murval and his daughter, and offered up a prayer for their benefactors.

"But this," said Harriet, "is on condition that they sing us one of their little songs, and give us the national dance of their country."

"Oh that we will with pleasure!" cried the elder, jumping up; and, in an instant, they were tumbling, grimacing, gesticulating, and shewing off all their droll attitudes, till they made Mr. Murval and his daughter laugh heartily. When their performance was finished, Mr. Murval gave orders that they should have a good breakfast; and, on their taking leave, Harriet told them she hoped they would turn their two louis to good account. She likewise gave them permission, whenever they should pass near the house, to come in, assuring them that they should always find a meal. The little Auvergnese retired highly delighted; and repeated, in the kitchen, where they were well regaled, all the tricks they had performed before Mr. Murval.

Days and months passed on, without any tidings of the little mountaineers. Mr. Murval and his daughter were quite unable to account for their disappearance. Harriet thought they had probably squandered away their money, and were therefore afraid to shew themselves.

"No, no," replied Mr. Murval, "the Auvergnese are too saving; they do not so easily spend

what they have amassed; it is their greatest happiness to forward it to their own country, where money is scarce; they either remit it to their friends, or, by laying it out in the purchase of a patch of ground, increase their little store."

Both Mr. Murval and his daughter were wrong in their surmises respecting the use the boys had made of their little treasure. Two louis at one time! They had never before been so rich; and their ambition was instantly fired. From the state of humble dancers, they resolved to elevate themselves to the rank of needle-sellers: they purchased at the manufactories, and then sold their needles about the villages. Their little trade prospered so much, that, in a short time, they were able to add to their stock the lace of Alençon, and cottons and handkerchiefs of Rouen; and as our two young merchants extended their connection, they were seen, at the end of two years, each carrying on his back a bundle of merchandise, which they now ventured to dispose of at the fairs, and in the smaller towns. They were soon generally known for their civility, and, above all, for their honesty; and every one spoke well of James and William, by which names they were called. In every hamlet on the road, in every inn, they established

a reputation, which contributed not a little to their prosperity. At length, when they had attained their sixteenth year, they were rich enough, on passing through their own country, to purchase a fine mule of Auvergne, on which they deposited their bales of merchandise; and now our young and active mountaineers traversed the whole of France on foot; extending their trade, and making themselves beloved wherever they went.

Several years passed before they came to Paris. Harriet Murval had, in the mean time, married a gentleman, who possessed considerable landed property near Falaise, in Normandy. In the month of September, the celebrated fair of Guibrai is always held there, and is resorted to not only by the merchants of France, but also by persons from many parts of Europe.

James and William, who had lately begun to deal in Lyons silks, came to dispose of them at this fair, where they displayed the richest silks, and the most elegant ribbons. Mr. Murval had come, with his family, to be present at this fair; and stopped with his daughter before the shop of the young merchants. On seeing him, they instantly whispered one to the other: "It is he!" Harriet bought to the value of two louis, which

she took from her purse, and offered to the two young men, who had displayed their goods with a marked degree of attention and civility. But one of them, fixing his eyes on her intently, said, with emphasis: "Madam, we are paid already." —"What did you say?" exclaimed Harriet; "did my father pay you, without my observing it?"

"I?" cried Mr. Murval. "I have not paid them a sou!"

"My brother is right," replied the other merchant, with emotion. "Yes, Sir, we are paid! And if you should take all our shop, and our whole magazine, we should still be your debtors." These words excited the surprise of Mr. Murval and his daughter, who did not know to what they should attribute this strange adventure; when James and William threw themselves at their feet, and, resuming the accent of their native country, cried, "Do not you remember the two poor little Auvergnese, whom you so generously assisted?"

"What! are these my two little mountaineers?" cried Harriet, sharing her father's surprise. "How they have grown! You may read in their countenances their happiness and integrity! How much altered too is their language!"

"Oh," replied James, "this is the result of our intercourse with the world; and we have been a little polished, during the ten years that we have traversed France."

"You remember, Madam," said William, "that when you gave me the louis, you said, with the greatest kindness, 'I hope you may turn it to good account.' Yes, madam, your gift has prospered, even beyond your desires: all our undertakings have succeeded, till we have advanced to our present station. This rich shop is but a small part of what we possess: our credit is immense, and our commerce is extended over the whole of France."

"Come," exclaimed James, "into our shop: it is your work: it belongs to you! When you gave us the two louis, the source of our fortune, you, at the same time, gave us the finest breakfast we had ever tasted: condescend then to dine with us in our shop; and we will relate our numerous adventures, and exhibit once more before the lady the dance and songs of our country, which made her laugh so heartily that morning."

"Yes," exclaimed Harriet, "we accept it with pleasure. Never shall I have partaken of so delicious a repast! Oh how I congratulate

myself, on having encouraged such noble virtues! And how delighted I am to see my two little Auvergnese once more!"

They entered the splendid warehouse of James and William, where an elegant dinner was soon served up, enlivened by demonstrations of the sincerest joy and gratitude.

After dinner, they repeated the dance of Auvergne, accompanied with songs, in which they expressed their happiness at the presence of their benefactors. While they were thus giving themselves up to happiness, a dreadful cry of "Fire!" was heard in the fair of Guibrai. They instantly ran out, and saw the flames issuing out of the shop of one of the richest Lyonnese merchants. Anxious to save a portion of his immense property, he rushed into the back of the warehouse, while his two daughters, who had accompanied him to Guibrai, were in the greatest terror for the fate of their father, and filled the air with their cries. James and William sprang into the midst of the flames, and, in a few moments returned, amid the acclamations of the bystanders, carrying the merchant in their arms, while he loudly extolled them as his benefactors. The fire being extinguished, they proposed to Mr. Blondel, which was the name of the silk merchant, to

have his goods removed into their magazine, and to establish himself there during the remainder of the fair. He accepted their offer; and, followed by Angelica and Louisa, his two daughters, entered the magazine of James and William, who informed them, that, to avoid giving them any inconvenience, they would take up their night's lodging at the neighbouring hotel, and enjoy their society during the day. Mr. Blondel, in accepting these proposals, made with so much delicate attention, told them, that, though this accident would not injure his fortune, it would nevertheless put him to the temporary inconvenience of not being able to fulfil the engagements, into which he had entered against the fair; and, for the first time in his life, he saw himself obliged to delay his payments.

"Delay your payments!" cried James; "you, Mr. Blondel! No we will never suffer that one of the first merchants of Lyons should in the least compromise that credit which he has acquired by fifty years' industry. In offering you a part of our warehouse, we offer you, at the same time, a share in our purse."

"Yes," rejoined William, "all your demands shall be answered; and you can repay us whenever you think proper. It is now five years since

we first presented ourselves before you at Lyons, each with a bundle on his back. You trusted us with your merchandise; you assisted us with your name. To-day it is our turn; and it is a duty which we are happy and proud to fulfil."

This unexpected offer of James and William filled the merchant with joy and affectionate regard. Angelica and Louisa were likewise unable to conceal their emotion.

Mr. Murval, who, during this scene, had kept silence, secretly congratulated himself that he had, by a single louis, brought forward in society two such excellent and amiable persons. After spending with them the remainder of the day, he left them, making them promise that, as soon as the fair of Guibrai should be over, they would all spend a few days at the château of his son-in-law.

For several days afterwards, Mr. Blondel was occupied in arranging his goods, and paying the bills and letters of exchange, which were presented, with the funds of James and William. When the fair of Guibrai was over, they all repaired to the château, where they were received with marked attention. Mr. Blondel did not cease to extol James and William, who had just advanced him three thousand pounds, to enable him to fulfil his engagements. "I wish," said

he, "to make their generosity known every where; and, as they have contributed to preserve my honour, I hope to augment their credit and reputation."—"No!" replied Angelica, with the liveliest gratitude, "I shall never forget what Mr. James and William have done for us; and, however great my father's return, he can never repay their kindness!"

"Yes, there is one way," replied Mr. Murval.

"What is that?" exclaimed Mr. Blondel.

"By bestowing upon them the hands of your amiable daughters," returned Mr. Murval.

"Alas!" said William, "the distance between us is too great to allow us to aspire to an alliance with ladies, whose rank and fortune entitle them to a higher station!"

"Of what distance do you speak?" asked Mr. Blondel; "you are merchants, as well as myself. In time, your fortune may equal or even surpass mine. You have what I prize above every thing, a benevolent heart, spotless integrity, and a zeal for business. If my daughters think as I do, they will make you happy!"

Angelica and Louisa blushed, and looked down; while William, with his usual frankness, exclaimed: "We have not yet had time to fall in love, and make a choice! But we will cer-

tainly take you at your word, and shall not be afraid to become your sons-in-law, if we could hope to obtain from your amiable daughters the indulgence of which my brother and myself stand so greatly in need!"

"As for me," said James, "I had almost begun to fear that, in saving Mr. Blondel, I had lost my own peace of mind. The few days, which we have spent in the society of these ladies, have inspired feelings, to which I had hitherto been a stranger; and if I ever lamented the want of a polished exterior and a finished education, it is at this moment."

"What is a polished exterior in comparison with what you have just done for us?" said Angelica.

"The benefactors of our father! What other title do they require as a claim upon our regard?" added Louisa.

The formal consent of Angelica and Louisa completed the happiness of James and William, who, turning to Mr. Murval and his daughter, exclaimed: "Oh! our worthy friends, enjoy the happiness you have created! This additional joy is entirely your doing! And you, whom we may now call father," turning to Mr. Blondell,

"you also we thank for having given us the privilege of offering you our assistance!"

The good old man was so affected, that he was unable to reply to this expression of their gratitude. Joy beamed on every countenance; and Mr. Murval, as well as Harriet, requested that this double alliance should be celebrated at the château.

In a few days, the necessary documents were signed; and the happiness of James and Angelica, William and Louisa was confirmed. Never was their perfect union interrupted by the least uneasiness, nor was their peace clouded by the most trivial misfortune.

They became the first merchants in France; but neither their successes nor their riches could ever make them forget the kindness of Mr. Murval and his daughter, who did not cease to repeat that even the little good we are enabled to do, is not always unattended by a happy result.

THE BOASTER.

When Gelnhausen was a free imperial city, Elias Ramshead, an honest butcher, was a member of its senate, and one of the most opulent and respected of its citizens. The strictest probity guided him in the exercise of his business, as well as in his senatorial duties. He never sold to his customers a lean cow for a fat ox, nor bones instead of meat; and they had no occasion to weigh after him, as they might be sure there was not an ounce short. He was equally conscientious in holding the balance of justice, when his plain and solid understanding had once fully comprehended the state of the question. When, having hung up his green velvet cap, and laid aside his white apron, he put on his brown coat with gold buttons, his cocked hat, and had taken his gold-headed cane in his hand, to proceed to the senate-house, the inhabitants looked after him, as he walked with becoming gravity along the streets, and said with due respect: "There goes good *Mister* Ramshead to the senate-house; happy those who have a just cause to bring forward!"

Among his honourable colleagues was a tailor,

whose principles were not so strict, and who for this reason found a constant opponent in *Mister* Ramshead. This tailor had, in his peregrinations, picked up some scraps of Latin, with which, when he could not otherwise prevail, he would puzzle the whole august senate. Thus, for instance, if he wished to get some rogue out of a scrape, he would say: "The Roman law says: *post cœnam, stabis aut mille passus meabis;* therefore it is evident that the accused must be acquitted." Then the wise senators would look at each other, and say, "Why, if that is really the case!" But then would *Mister* Ramshead rise hastily, and, striking the table with his fist, so as to make the poor tailor tremble like an aspen leaf, protest that he would not give a pinch of snuff for the whole Roman law. "What do we care for the pope and all his cardinals?" exclaimed he. "We are Protestants; and Gelnhausen is as much a free imperial city as ever was Rome." This last argument generally convinced the honourable senate. "Quite right, brother," said the Burgomaster: "they say, indeed, that Rome is somewhat larger than Gelnhausen; but a little more or a little less does not alter the case." And then the cause was decided in worthy *Mister* Ramshead's favour.

But, however high *Mister* Ramshead might

stand in the consideration of the senate and the citizens, in his own house he acted a very subaltern part. Dame Margaret Ramshead was, it is true, absolutely prohibited from interfering in affairs of state: this was a point on which our senator was inflexible. From the threshold of his own house to the frontiers of the republic, which was exactly two hundred and sixty paces, he recognised no authority save that of the Burgomaster and senate. But as soon as he got home, and had deposited his gold-headed cane in the corner, he acknowledged that the domestic government belonged to his dear Margaret; and, notwithstanding his stentorian voice, he conducted himself like a loyal and obedient subject.

Among the numerous keys which Dame Margaret carried constantly about her, was that which secured the old and new crown pieces, which she was very fond of amassing; and out of which she occasionally allowed her dear spouse a few pence, to make himself merry with his friends; never failing, however, to reproach him with carrying the money out of the country, because the inn was situated beyond the frontiers.

We cannot, however, much blame Dame Margaret's economy, as it was for the sake of her

son Christian, a lively boy, who, she was resolved, should have a learned education, that he might, one day, be able to talk Latin with the tailor. *Mister* Ramshead would willingly have brought up his son to his own business; but Dame Margaret protested that her son should never kill an ox, even though the whole honourable senate should never touch beef again. "Gelnhausen," she would say, "is not the whole world; and if he should not become Burgomaster in his own country, he may be Prime Minister somewhere else."

The boy, it is true, had considerable capacity: he was good tempered, like his father; and when he came home from church, on Sundays, he was sure to remember the text of the sermon. It was only a pity that Dame Margaret infused, as early as possible, into the head of little Christian the pride which she had cherished in her own. He already looked upon himself as an important personage, his father as a very great man, and his native town as the capital of the world, or, at least, not much less.

His mother, too, thought every thing in Gelnhausen excellent; only she was of opinion that the schools were not calculated to form a great man; and a great man she was determined her

Christian should be. She therefore consulted her cousin, the most celebrated grocer in all Gelnhausen. This man assured Dame Margaret, that there was at Hanau an academy, where every thing was to be learnt; "but," added he, shrugging up his shoulders, "there are none but young counts and barons there; and, besides that, it costs a mint of money."

At the word money, Dame Margaret clapped her hand upon her bunch of keys; as much as to say: "Do you suppose that my coffers are filled with pepper?" And as for the young noblemen, she was of opinion that a senator of the free imperial city of Gelnhausen was at least as considerable as a count or a baron. It was therefore resolved that he should go thither. The grocer made the necessary arangements; and Christian was sent to Hanau, well provided with linen, hams, and sausages.

Christian soon perceived that there were very respectable people out of Gelnhausen, who were equal to his father in rank and riches; and that Hanau was a very pretty town, and might even in some respects be placed above his native city. But this he only confessed to himself in secret; for he would not for the world have owned to a stranger, that any place upon earth was superior

to Gelnhausen. Thus, because the streets of Gelnhausen were not lighted at night, he affirmed that it was not necessary, because the air there was purer and always free from vapours, so that the moon and stars shone with brighter lustre. If such excuses did not avail, he had recourse to boasting: in his city, every thing was better; the inhabitants lived in greater style, had finer houses, more beautiful public walks, and more various amusements. He at length became so accustomed to this boasting, that, not content with extolling the place of his birth, he boasted of himself and his family. "My father, the senator! We know what that is in a free imperial city," was a favourite expression of his. As his name of Christian Ramshead was not at all suited to his taste, he called himself Woldemar Von Ramsden, and pretended that he was descended from a very ancient patrician family; that in the reign of the Emperor Henry the Fowler, there had been a grand tournament at Gelnhausen; in which a Von Ramsden had borne away the prize. He took especial care not to say that his father was a butcher, and the maker of those sausages, which his mother frequently sent to him, and which his fellow students thought so excellent.

Setting aside this propensity to boasting, Christian was a worthy lad; he studied diligently, and made himself beloved and esteemed by his obliging disposition. When he entered his eighteenth year, he was fit for the university; and Dame Margaret carried her point of sending him to Jena. Before he departed for this seat of the Muses, he passed some days very delightfully in his native town; for he felt the sincerest joy at seeing his parents, and had besides the pleasure of relating wonderful stories of Hanau, and then of Cassel, where he had once been during the holidays. Wilhelmshöhe was not half high enough for him; he placed it in the clouds, and made the whole river Maine fall in the artificial water-works at that place. The Colossus at Rhodes was a child to the Hercules; and the few persons for whom there is room in the club of that gigantic statue, were swelled, in his narrative, into a whole battalion. Dame Margery often let her spinning-wheel stand still with astonishment; and *Mister* Ramshead had often to light his pipe over again.

A favourite theme with Christian was his many noble friends, Baron A. Count B. with all of whom he was on the most intimate terms. As for the citizens' sons, he knew nothing of them.

This was indeed partly true; he had, in fact, always sought the company of the sons of noblemen among the students. He was able to live in the same style as they did, because Dame Margaret never let him want money. Boys trouble themselves very little about distinctions of rank; and his comrades took his old patrician descent upon his word. This silly vanity, however, led to the first humiliation which Christian was doomed to experience.

Young Baron de Rosenberg, who was returning from the Academy, had to pass through Gelnhausen, on his way home. In the principal street of this famous city, his carriage broke down, and he was obliged to stop a couple of hours, while it was repairing. All at once, he recollected his former schoolfellow, and asked the landlord of the inn after young Woldemar Von Ramsden. He was assured that there was nobody of that name in the town; but the Baron persisting that he had been at the Academy of Hanau with the son of a senator of Gelnhausen, named Woldemar Von Ramsden; the landlord said at length "You must mean young Mr. Christian, son of Mister Elias Ramshead, the butcher!"

The Baron, at first surprised, soon guessed the enigma, and was not generous enough to spare

his old schoolfellow the humiliation. He sent his card, and requested Christian to come and see him at the inn. The young boaster was in the most painful embarrassment: he foresaw that Baron Rosenberg would ask him to shew him all the curiosities of his native town, which he had so often extolled; and might, perhaps, even request to be introduced to his parents, whom he had frequently represented as living in the greatest splendour. He, however, thought of an expedient, which he had no doubt would be quite successful. He resolved to say that his father's magnificent house had been burnt down; and, till it could be rebuilt, they had been obliged to make shift with a meaner abode. But there was yet another difficulty. Meat, hams, and sausages, were hanging up in the windows; how were they to be concealed? If the shutters were closed, the whole house would be dark. "So much the better," thought he; "I will say my father has bad eyes, and cannot bear the daylight." He therefore proposed closing the shutters; but he did not dare to mention his reason; for, had his father perceived that he was ashamed of him, his anger would have been unbounded. "Surely you are mad!" exclaimed he; "who ever heard of closing the shutters in broad daylight?" Of

course they were not closed; and Christian went to the inn in the greatest anxiety.

"I am quite impatient," said the Baron, "to become acquainted with your respected father, the senator; you must introduce me to him." Christian in vain sought to dissuade him: and as they were going along, he endeavoured by his story about the fire to prevent the bad impression which the small low house of his parents might make on the Baron.

"Good houses are scarce here," he began.

"So I perceive," said the young Baron, smiling.

"We were forced to make shift with very narrow quarters," continued Christian; "we have taken lodgings at a butcher's; there was nothing better to be had." In this manner, he sought to prepare his companion for the hams and sausages, which he could not fail to observe; and Rosenberg pretended to believe all he said.

"We are also obliged to accustom ourselves to a very plain style of living, which everybody conforms to, not to excite jealousy."

Rosenberg only smiled. Honest *Mister* Elias Ramshead received him at the door of his house with a hearty squeeze of the hand; and, on entering the room, Dame Margaret made him half

a dozen of her best curtesies. "She was so happy," she said, "to see such a fine young gentleman so familiar with her son." She carefully dusted the chair with a corner of her apron; brought him some excellent sausages, and then ran herself to the nearest baker's, to fetch some new rolls. Christian was on thorns: the young Baron had a good appetite, and found the sausages delicious. "If I am not mistaken," said he, "they are of the same kind as those which were sent to you at Hanau."

"Yes," said Christian; and he tried to turn the conversation. But Rosenberg always came back to the sausages, and could not sufficiently praise the butcher who made them.

"Zounds!" cried the butcher, "who should have made them but myself? I am the best hand at making a sausage in all Gelnhausen, though I say it."

"So! so!" exclaimed the Baron, casting a look at Christian, who turned pale with shame and vexation. He was kept in torture a whole hour, till the waiter from the inn brought word that the carriage was ready. Overwhelmed with confusion, Christian accompanied his schoolfellow to the inn. When he was getting into his carriage, the Baron said ironically, "Good b'ye! I have

had an excellent treat! Your father is clever, though he is a senator!"

Christian, greatly mortified, confessed to himself, for the first time, that boasting was an odious habit; and for a whole week nothing like vain boasting came out of his mouth. He even tried to persuade himself that he was quite cured; but this unfortunate habit had taken too deep root.

At the university of Jena, Christian had acquired the reputation of a diligent, orderly, and good-tempered youth; "and if," added his panegyrists, "he had not that hateful habit of boasting, he would be an ornament to our university." He returned from Jena with the degree of Doctor. For two centuries past, there had not been so learned a citizen in the free city of Gelnhausen; as even the Latin tailor confessed."

Nobody doubted but that, in a few years, he would be burgomaster; and Dame Margaret never heard such prophesies without shedding tears of joy.

Christian was perfectly sensible that he had learned much more than ever he should be able to make use of at Gelnhausen; and many opportunities of making his fortune elsewhere presented themselves. But as he was the only com-

fort of his parents, he resolved not to leave them, but be content with the lot that might await him in his native town. This filial attachment made his parents overlook his propensity of boasting.

But the fatal moment arrived, when all the imperial cities were deprived of their free governments, and incorporated with the territories of the nearest princes. This was a severe blow to honest Ramshead, and still more so to Dame Margaret, who suddenly saw her old senator confined to his shambles, and lose the fine large senatorial pew in the church. Unhappily, too, the town suffered much after the battle of Jena. Mister Ramshead's house was indeed spared; and for this he was indebted to Christian, who barricaded the door, and placed himself in the garret window, to observe what was going on.

Perceiving half a dozen soldiers ready to break open the door, he addressed them in French, which he spoke fluently, and detained them in conversation, till he saw an officer coming up the street, to whom he applied for protection. The officer was glad to hear one of the inhabitants speak French; for he had a communication to make to the magistrates, and had found nobody in all Gelnhausen who could act as interpreter.

He granted a safeguard for Mister Ramshead's house, on condition that Christian should accompany him.

When the danger was over, Dame Margery did not boast a little of the talents of her son, who, by becoming the medium of communication between the enemy and the magistrates, had rendered some service to the town. But poor Mister Ramshead mourned over his republic; and, like other great statesmen, resolved to retire from public life, without taking any part in the new arrangements, which he detested so heartily that he gave Christian permission to seek his fortune abroad.

Christian Ramshead was now again suddenly transformed into Woldemar Von Ramsden, and made his *début* under this name in London. As he possessed considerable talents, and brought, besides, high testimonials from the university, he soon succeeded in obtaining the place of private secretary to one of the foreign ministers, who took a fancy to him, and resolved to promote him; though he but too soon found out his weakness: for the passport, which his secretary was obliged to produce, proved that his name was not Woldemar Von Ramsden, but Christian Ramshead; and this was sufficient for a man of the

minister's penetration and knowledge of mankind. By gentle good-natured raillery, he sometimes tried to make him ashamed; and succeeded so far as to make Christian more circumspect. He was soon, however, noticed in society for his old failing; and the situation which he filled gave him frequent opportunities to indulge his vain-glorious propensity. He pretended to be initiated in all the secrets of the state; and there was not a man of distinction, with whom he was not intimate. If one of his acquaintance had received an invitation to some great entertainment, he carelessly observed that he too was asked, but that he could not accept it, for want of time. He particularly sought the company of strangers, because they did not know him, and more readily gave credit to his assertions.

It is true, he frequently met with mortifications; and he more than once resolved to correct this failing. Thus, for instance, he, one evening, related, at the club, that when a dozen of the enemy's soldiers attempted to break into the house of his father at Gelnhausen, he had put them all to flight; at which one of their officers, who was coming up the street, was struck with astonishment, and solicited his friendship. "I ask your pardon," said a gentleman present;

"I am the officer you speak of: you called to me from your garret window, begging of me a safeguard, which I granted; otherwise your house would have been destroyed." The company smiled, and turned aside, whispering each other. Christian's feelings may be easily conceived.

Another time, being at a masquerade, he sat down with some friends in a small room, to take some refreshment. The conversation turned upon a new regulation, which was generally approved. Hereupon he gave the company to understand that he had originally proposed the measure, drawn up the plan, and set it going; and, while passing a high encomium on the minister, he took the greatest share of the merit to himself. Suddenly, a masque behind him tapped him on the shoulder, and beckoned him aside. The Domino unmasked—it was the minister himself! "In future," said he, with a mixture of seriousness and pleasantry, "when you desire to represent me at a masquerade, give me a hint; that I may lend you my domino." So saying, he turned away, and left poor Christian to his uncomfortable feelings. He deprecated his foolish propensity, and made a solemn vow to amend from that day forward.

This resolution he renewed before the minister,

the next morning, who assured him, that though he esteemed his character and his talents, yet that if he did not conquer his love of boasting, they must separate: because he could not allow his secretary to make himself every where ridiculous. He dismissed him with the warning that he would keep a watchful eye over him.

This little lesson had a salutary effect; Christian took a firm resolution, wrote over the door of his chamber, in large letters, "Do not boast." He never quitted his room in the morning without reading it over three times; and never went to bed without examining whether he had kept his vow, and could at least give himself the encouraging assurance that he had not been guilty of any great boast.

The minister, who had closely watched him, rejoiced in his amendment, and restored him to his favour. Once again, however, he was at a loss what to think of him. A rich alderman called upon him. He was rather proud of his family, because, for several generations, members of it had filled important offices in the state. "Your Excellency," said he, "generously interests yourself for young Ramsden; for which reason, I think it my duty to inform you, that he, yesterday, solicited the hand of my only daugh-

ter, Catharine; and I am therefore come to learn whether it is done with your approbation."

The minister, whom Christian had apprized of his intentions, replied in the affirmative; and added, that he should be glad if the young man, whom he greatly esteemed, could make so good a match.

"I cannot say that I should have any thing against it," continued the Alderman, "if only—I do not know—some people say he is of mean extraction. Now your Excellency knows that my family—"

"Have you ever questioned him on the subject?" interrupted the minister. "O yes! He has told me that he is descended from an ancient patrician family; and, if he thought fit, might write his name De Ramsden."

"Has he told you so?"

"Repeatedly," was the reply. The minister frowned. He did not, however, shew his displeasure, but endeavoured to persuade the city knight not to be so particular about the extraction, because he had resolved, if the marriage should take place, to solicit the king to give the young man some official situation. The alderman, who entertained high respect for government offices, was satisfied; upon which the mi-

nister requested him to delay giving his consent till he should receive a hint from him. When this was settled, the worthy knight took his leave; and, without rejecting Christian's suit, desired time to consider of the proposal.

During the conversation, the minister had conceived the idea of putting his secretary to the trial; and, if he should not find him what he wished in a certain particular, resolved not only to prevent the marriage, but also to withdraw his favour from him entirely.

A month had elapsed, when, one morning, after business was over, he said to Christian, "You will dine with me to-day." Christian bowed, and hastened home to dress. At the appointed hour, he entered the room, and found about a dozen persons assembled, and, among them, to his great surprise, the alderman and his lovely daughter. One chair was left vacant.

When soup was removed, a joint of roast beef, of uncommon size, was served up. The minister himself drew the attention of his guests to it; and a conversation arose on the fattening of cattle; in which the English in particular had made great improvements. The minister put the question as to what degree of perfection the Westphalian farmers had attained in this branch,

And the gentlemen differing in opinion, he exclaimed: "None of us rightly understand these matters. I think we should do better to send for one of our first butchers, and let him decide."

Saying this, he made a sign to the butler, who immediately left the room. The conversation was continued for some time, when, all at once, *Mister* Elias Ramshead entered the room. His son was sitting with his back to the door, and did not observe him; but when the minister addressed the butcher, and the latter spoke, Christian recognised his father's voice, rose hastily, ran up to him, and threw himself into his arms. "Thank God!" exclaimed the minister. "I knew it very well!" cried *Mister* Ramshead. All the company seemed astonished: and when their noble host had for some moments enjoyed the mutual emotion, and the surprise of the guests, he thus addressed them: "I must request your permission, gentlemen, to introduce to you Mister Ramshead, formerly a senator of the imperial city of Gelnhausen. There is just one place vacant; pray sit down, Mister Ramshead, next to your son, and make no ceremony."

"Since your Excellency commands," said the worthy old man, putting his gold-headed cane, with his cocked hat upon it, into the corner; and

he took the chair by his son; who, with a countenance in which were expressed a mingled feeling of pleasure, gratitude, and surprise, fixed his eyes upon the minister. The latter explained the mystery to his guests, whom he had purposely selected: he spoke in the highest terms of his secretary, and declared that he had found in him only one fault, which he was convinced he had now entirely laid aside. "I was resolved to judge with my own eyes, whether it was only a foolish habit, or a defect of the heart. He has stood the trial. If the sudden appearance of his father had embarrassed him; if he had shewn any kind of shame, or hesitation, he would have lost my esteem for ever. But he has behaved as he ought, and as I hoped he would. And now *Mister* Alderman," continued he, "I hope you will not refuse him the hand of your amiable daughter. Mister Ramshead is a very worthy man, and one whom I with pleasure see at my table. I invited him to dinner to-day. He has come this long journey at my request; let us now celebrate the betrothment of his son."

Saying this, he filled a bumper; and the company followed his example. A servant brought in a covered waiter, on which was the appointment of Christian to a high official situation.

The alderman yielded to this argument, rather than to the persuasion of the minister, and presented the hand of his fair daughter, Catharine, to the happy Christian, who was going to throw himself at the minister's feet. But he prevented him, saying, in a whisper, "No more boasting! Your wife would only laugh at it!"

THE UNIVERSAL GENIUS.

MANY years ago, there lived, on the coasts of the Baltic, a despotic prince, before whom his subjects trembled, and whom even his own children could not approach without fear. Among the counsellors of this prince was Baron Fels, a man of integrity and talent, who had inherited from his father only a small and encumbered property. He had, however, acquired a fortune, upon which no creditor could seize,—knowledge, and abilities. By these he greatly distinguished himself in the cabinet; and, in a short time, rendered his services indispensable in the diplomatic department. He had spent many years of his life at foreign courts, as the ambassador of his

prince; and had concluded to his satisfaction the most difficult affairs, sometimes less by his ability in negociation, than by his personal character, which inspired respect and esteem wherever he went. In Russia, where he had passed the greatest part of his time, he had married, and become the father of two boys, Eugene and Woldemar. Baroness Fels, being at that time in delicate health, was obliged to entrust the care of the children to a nurse, and selected for this purpose a woman of Dago, near the coast of Livonia; the females of that island being famed for their affectionate attention to their little nurslings. She was fortunate in meeting with one who became quite devoted to the family; and, in her love to the children, forgot her attachment to her native place; a circumstance very rare among these islanders. When the ambassador was called home, she felt it impossible to part from Eugene and Woldemar, and accordingly accompanied them.

The Baron was not received as his services merited: the last negociation had failed; and this one untoward circumstance, though not arising from any mismanagement on his part, suddenly obliterated the remembrance of his long and

faithful services. He received a cold dismissal, and a meagre pension.

The Baron, whose rank required him to live in considerable style, had not been able to lay by any thing: he had therefore no resource but to take up his abode on his small estate on the Baltic, and to occupy himself with agriculture, and the education of his children. Nothing could be more different than the character of the two boys. Eugene was indolent and helpless; Woldemar, lively and active. The former would lounge on the sofa the whole day; while the latter was running about in the fields and marshes, even in the most intense cold. Eugene would learn nothing, at least no more than he could help; and Woldemar, every thing, even what was apparently useless. Parental authority alone could constrain Eugene to attend to study and acquire that information which his father deemed indispensable. But never did he go a step farther than his master led him, or ask one question for explanation. He was only glad if he could cram into his memory the task given to him. Woldemar, on the contrary, could never be satisfied: he pursued his father with questions, even when his lessons were over, followed

him into the garden or fields, and in these walks frequently acquired the most valuable information. If the Baron mentioned any art or science, he instantly excited his son's ardent thirst for knowledge; nor did he rest satisfied till he had obtained a clear insight into the subject.

His father, one day, casually spoke of the art of writing in cipher; and Woldemar teazed him till he taught him this science. For months, he applied himself assiduously in learning this mode of secret writing; and often requested his father to give him the most difficult tasks, from which neither hunger nor sleep could drive him, till he had solved them.

"And what will be the use of all this?" said Eugene, laughing.

"I don't know," replied Woldemar; "nor do I much care, as long as I am only able to do it."

Among other things, he also learnt from his nurse the Esthonian language. Eugene was now more amused than ever. "How can you waste your time so?" asked he. "A language which is spoken only in a little corner of the world, whither you will certainly never go!"

"Who knows that?" thought Woldemar, and continued to speak to his nurse only in the Esthonian language.

The Baron had a valet, who had accompanied him in all his travels, and whom he had had instructed in surgery. This man was the oracle of the country, and the resort of the peasants in all their bodily ailments. He was always accompanied by Woldemar, as assistant, who could bleed, bind up a wound, and even splinter a broken limb.

"Well," said Eugene ironically, "if the old surgeon of the regiment, that is quartered in this neighbourhood, should die, you can apply for his place."

"I should not exactly like that," said Woldemar; "but I think it well to be able to help oneself and others in case of need."

Often, when the ranger went into the wood, the ardent boy would accompany him, and pluck up the weeds and fungi: he knew their names and uses, and could distinguish their different classes. He was able to judge of the age of trees, their height, and locality, according to the condition of their bark.

He often went out to sea with the fishermen, even in the most stormy weather, and was soon able to steer a boat so safely that he did not fear the highest waves. The coachman was not more expert in breaking in a young horse than Woldemar; and Eugene often used to teaze him:

"If ever I should be master of this estate, I will make you my head coachman."

Woldemar, however, never heeded these observations. When forced to remain at home during the winter, he amused himself at the spinning-wheel of one of his mother's women: at first, he committed a great many blunders; but he soon got the reputation of being the best spinner in the neighbourhood. His mother's lady's maid was married to a glazier, and from him he learned the art of glazing; and he rejoiced exceedingly whenever a window was broken in his father's mansion, that he might have an opportunity of displaying his skill.

He soon acquired the name of "the little conjuror," by which he was generally known; and with which Eugene hoped to tire him. If he found that his brother could not be moved by irony, he would say with a very serious air: "Consider, Woldemar, this is not befitting our station; we are noblemen's sons; and for such menial offices we have servants and artificers, who are obliged to earn their bread by it. When will you ever be placed in a situation where you can turn these things to account, without rendering yourself ridiculous?"

"That I do not know," replied Woldemar;

"but that is not my object in acquiring them. Our father has often told us, that we must not despise knowledge, however insignificant it may appear. The time may come when it may be invaluable to me."

"Spinning! and the Esthonian language?" inquired his brother.

"Why not?" replied Woldemar: "at all events, it is better than lounging on the sofa all day."

Eugene had attained his twentieth and Woldemar his eighteenth year, when their father died, leaving them in very narrow circumstances. The small pension, which he had enjoyed, was withdrawn; and the income of the Baroness was not sufficient to enable her to live in becoming style with her two sons. It was therefore determined that Eugene should have the management of the estate; and Woldemar, through the interest of his uncle, was appointed page to the Prince. Having never been introduced, he was at first very shy; and, in consequence of this, he remained unnoticed for nearly a year.

Woldemar commenced his career at court, at an unfavourable juncture. Age had rendered the Prince still more despotic and suspicious. He trusted no one; not even his own children. The haughty Count Hohenberg, alone, had so

completely got the upper hand, that nothing could be done, but through him. All were offended at the insolence with which he treated even the Prince's family; and none suffered more than the Crown Prince, who was beloved by all for his amiable and engaging qualities. For this reason, he was detested by his father; and the unworthy favourite neglected no opportunity of aggravating his suspicions, by misrepresenting every action of the young Prince; and, at last, he succeeded so far, that the Prince determined to send his son from court.

Woldemar knew nothing of all this: he was attached to Prince Adolphus, who, on various occasions, treated him with the greatest kindness.

One morning, as he was walking towards the capital, he heard a carriage behind him. He turned, and saw two fiery horses galloping at full speed; the coachman had been thrown from the box; a servant was panting on behind; and a young lady, who was sitting in the carriage, cried for assistance. The horses were entangled in the reins, and were making towards the brink of a precipice, where destruction would have been inevitable.

Woldemar courageously placed himself in the

way, seized one of the horses by the bridle, and after considerable difficulty, brought them to a stand. The young lady was quite overcome, and unable to speak, till she had relieved herself by a flood of tears. The servant, soon after, came up, and informed her that the coachman was so much stunned by the fall, that he would be quite incapable of remounting the box. She was about to alight, and return home on foot, when Woldemar, seeing that she was still greatly agitated, requested permission to drive her home. The confidence with which he professed his ability to do so, and the courage which he had just before displayed, induced Emilia Von Hohenberg, the only daughter of the obnoxious favourite, to commit herself to his care. He ascended the box, and drove her in triumph to the Count's residence, to the great astonishment of the multitude, who were surprised at seeing one of the Prince's pages mounted on a coach-box. Woldemar desired one of the servants to hold the horses, and, dismounting from the box, offered his arm to the lady Emilia, who was about to thank him; but he had disappeared.

"Well!" exclaimed he, as he walked home in high spirits; "it is very good that I learnt to drive of our coachman Thomas!"

Count Hohenberg, who was quite wrapped up in himself, and manifested but little affection for his amiable daughter, who had just attained her eighteenth year, listened with indifference to her account of her perilous situation; and slightly commended the page, who, he however thought, merited some remuneration.

"Yes, indeed, dear father!" exclaimed Emilia. I suppose you will give him a lieutenancy in the guards?"

"Why not Commander-in-chief, at once?" replied the haughty Count: "the youth has been scarcely a year at court. His family is quite out of favour; and he has not a farthing in the world. I intend giving him twenty roubles, which will be a splendid sum for a page; besides, he ought to think himself sufficiently rewarded, in having had the honour to render a service to the daughter of the Count Von Hohenberg.'

Emilia felt hurt; but she dared not express her feelings; and, with difficulty, she obtained permission to deliver the money to Woldemar herself.

On the following morning, he received a note; and immediately repaired to the Palace, where he was shewn into Emilia's apartment. She was not there, having been just summoned by her

father: this gave Woldemar an opportunity of surveying her little retreat. In one corner of the room, stood her harp; and, near it, an embroidery frame, on which lay part of a letter. Woldemar could not resist the temptation; he glanced over it hastily: it contained the acknowledgements of an indigent family, for benefits she had bestowed on them. The books on the table next engaged his attention. He saw several, with which he was well acquainted; among them, Bouilly's *Contes à ma Fille*, Schiller's *Wallenstein*, and a translation of Cicero. In the latter, was a green silk ribbon, which Woldemar took, with a hesitating hand, and concealed in his bosom.

Scarcely had he done so, when Emilia entered. She appeared even more beautiful than on the preceding day; and was quite at a loss how to introduce her father's gift. Woldemar was no less confused, though from a different cause; and his embarrassment was not a little increased, when he observed the end of the green string hanging out of his waistcoat.

Emilia at length broke this irksome silence: "I have requested you to come, that I may have an opportunity of expressing my gratitude for your timely aid."

Woldemar bowed, and was silent: Emilia con-

tinued: "As to myself, I feel that such a service can never be repaid; and I shall ever remain your debtor." Woldemar again bowed; and there was a dead pause.

"My father," continued Emilia, with much hesitation, "wishes to express his thanks in a different manner; and thinks that in your rank, and at your age, there may be some gratification, which the very small salary, usually allowed by the Prince to his followers, may perhaps not permit you to indulge in; and he therefore requests that, in return for the great pleasure you have afforded him, you will allow him to contribute to your smaller ones."

Emilia fulfilled this part of her task with much emotion; but the most unpleasant part still remained. She took a neat silk purse from her desk, but had not the heart to offer it to him. Woldemar no sooner guessed her intention, than his eye flashed with indignation, and he drew back with wounded pride. "I entreat, noble Countess! that you will not let me feel so sensibly how little I have done for you. Have I not been richly rewarded, by the delightful feeling of having saved your life? And are you not even now rewarding me, by allowing me the pleasure of conversing with you? But, Lady Emilia,

if I must be your debtor, pardon me for the bold confession I am about to make."

He stopped. "A bold confession! What can he mean?" thought Emilia.

"During the few moments that I was alone," continued Woldemar, "I committed a theft! Convert this theft into a gift, and you will confer a particular favour on me."

Emilia scarcely ventured to raise her eyes; and Woldemar drew from his breast the narrow green ribbon. Emilia felt relieved, and said, smiling, "Oh, Madam Stoltzenberg, my governess, put that mark into the book. But if such a trifle has any value in your estimation, perhaps you will not slight this purse, which is one of my own netting."

"You have now indeed conferred an obligation! And will double it by allowing me to separate from it every thing which does not really belong to it; that I may share with you, at least for once in my life, the privilege of assisting the needy. I must confess my temerity: I have read the letter which lies on that frame. Allow me to hand over, in your name, to this poor family, the present intended for me." So saying, he emptied the contents on the letter.

A tear glistened in Emilia's eye. Woldemar

saw it; he could say no more, and was about to withdraw, when Emilia held out her hand, which he kissed with emotion, and hurried out of the room.

Not long after, Emilia made her first appearance at court; but, though splendidly adorned, she did not appear so beautiful to Woldemar as in her simple morning dress. Woldemar was in attendance on the Princess; and when the court afterwards sat down to dinner, he would gladly have exchanged the service of his royal mistress for that of the beautiful Emilia, who sat opposite. Emilia had observed him, on approaching the throne, and bowed courteously. This drew forth a reprimand from her father, on the following morning. "Bow to a page!" said he: "a girl of your age and exalted station, and at your first introduction at court? Who ever heard of so much familiarity?"

"But, dearest father, I am so greatly indebted! How could I shew *hauteur* to him?"

"I think," replied the overbearing favourite,—"I think he has been amply rewarded for the trifling service he has rendered you. I do not desire you to behave with *hauteur;* but it is my pleasure that you shall not notice him. I would have you learn the art of overlooking those per-

sons, whose company might be either improper or troublesome. Never, Lady Emilia, never forget your high descent!"

Poor Emilia was from this time narrowly watched by her father; and though she had frequent opportunities of seeing Woldemar at court, a whole year elapsed, without their being able to exchange a word. A circumstance, however, occurred, which made him the topic of conversation at court for several days.

Eight half-starved persons had landed a few miles from the capital. The magistrate of the village, not being able to understand their language, sent them thither. Their singular appearance attracted a great crowd; but nobody could make out a word they spoke. The officer in waiting made the circumstance known to the Prince, who desired them to be brought to the Palace. Their singular dress, and yellow hair, together with their peculiar dialect, excited the interest of the court: but no interpreter could be found. Woldemar, who happened to come in, had no sooner heard two or three words, than he went up to them, and addressed them in Esthonian. The strangers were overjoyed; pressed round him, and, according to the custom of their country, clasped his knees. They told him, they

had left the island of Oesel in their fishing-boats; a storm arose, and they had been tossed about on the boisterous sea for a whole week, in hourly expectation of perishing, either by hunger or in the waves.

Woldemar interpreted their case to the Prince, who desired they should be taken care of for some days, and afterwards be supplied with means of returning to their native island. He took particular notice of Woldemar, and asked how he had learnt Esthonian. The Crown Prince, tapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed: "I am glad of this, my dear Fels!"

Woldemar was much pleased at this incident, without anticipating the important results to which it would lead. He visited the Esthonians daily, and took care that they should be well supplied with every thing of which they stood in need. He even sent for his old nurse, who was no less delighted than the islanders at this unexpected meeting. And on the evening of their departure, he was obliged to tear himself away from their affectionate embraces.

Night had already set in, as he was returning to the Palace, when he was suddenly stopped by a female, who asked if he were the Baron Fels? He replied in the affirmative. Then follow me

immediately to my lady; she has something of importance to communicate.

"Who is she?"

"Lady Emilia Von Hohenberg."

Woldemar was surprised, and followed the young woman in silence. She conducted him through a by street to the back of the Palace; and, unlocking a small door, they ascended a narrow winding stair, till they were stopped by a door, before which a lamp was burning. Here she knocked gently three times, and Emilia opened the door. She was pale, as on the morning when he first saw her. She beckoned the Page to enter; and desired the young woman to keep watch.

"I doubt not you are greatly surprised, Baron Von Fels," said she gently, "that I should request your attendance in so strange a manner, and at so unseasonable an hour. The step which I have taken is the result of that confidence which you have yourself inspired; and I have adopted it as the only means of saving the Crown Prince. My father was with me this afternoon, and, as usual, I played to him on my harp; an officer was announced, bearing despatches from Krannburgh; and my father took him into my study, where they remained in conversation for a considerable time. I caught the name of our Prince several

times, which made me attentive; but I was unable to gather any thing from their discourse, except that our Prince was threatened with imminent danger. On the officer's going away, my father repeated, "To-morrow morning, at five o'clock precisely." He returned to me, and though he listened to my harp, his thoughts were evidently much distracted; and he left me, after a short time, with a gloomy countenance. He was no sooner gone, than I hastened to my study, and found a letter, which he had thrown on the table, probably imagining that, as it was written in cipher, nobody would be able to read it: I seized the paper, which I was anxious to have placed in the hands of our noble Prince; but how to accomplish this I knew not, as I could, of course, not make the circumstance known to my dependents; when I suddenly thought of you. Here is the letter; hasten to court, and do not betray my confidence."

Woldemar soon found the Prince, related to him what had passed; and, putting the letter into his hand, promised to stand by him, should any danger threaten. The Prince grasped his hand, looked at the letter, and after taking two or three turns in the room, said, "I have long suspected something of the kind: the unhappy

misunderstanding between my father and myself has been daily increased, through selfish and unworthy favourites. Some misfortune awaits me; but what, I cannot say. This letter is written in cipher; I cannot read it, nor is there one of my followers who can."

"If your Highness will give me leave, I will try."

"Is it possible?" replied the Prince. "Make haste, and let me know the worst."

It was from the commander of the fortress at Krannburgh, informing the Count, that the apartment had been prepared for the Prince, according to his orders, and that he was ready to receive the royal prisoner, for whose safe detention he would answer with his life.

The Prince uttered an exclamation of displeasure; but did not suffer an unkind expression to escape him against his father. He paced the room in silence.

"My Prince," said Woldemar, "you have no time to lose. 'At five o'clock to-morrow morning,' were the last words with which the Count dismissed his messenger. It is already nine o'clock: we have only a few hours to prepare for your flight."

"You are right!" exclaimed the Prince, after a

pause. "My filial duty might perhaps endanger my life. My flight would perhaps save my father the unpleasant consequences of a precipitate action. But the time is short,—too short!"

"Not too short!" exclaimed Woldemar; "name some persons on whom you can depend."

"I have nobody but my Valet, my Master of the Horse, and you, my dear Fels!"

Woldemar seized his hand. "If," said he, "the men your Highness has named are as truly devoted to you as I am, you will escape! Will your Highness be in readiness two hours after midnight?"

With these words he hurried out in search of the Master of the Horse and the Chamberlain; found both willing to share every danger with their beloved master; concerted with them on the best means of securing their flight; made all the necessary preparations; and often repeated to himself, "It was well that I learnt to decipher!"

Before the clock had struck two, he went for the Prince, who, closely muffled up in a soldier's mantle, left the Palace without being perceived. At the gates, Woldemar, being well known, gave the usual watchword, and was allowed to pass. Here the Prince found his groom and chamber-

lain well mounted, and holding horses for himself and Woldemar. The whole party set off at a rapid pace.

At five o'clock the next morning, when the guard came to seize the Prince, it was found that he had made his escape. The Sovereign sent soldiers in every direction, with orders to bring back his fugitive son, either dead or alive: the greatest confusion prevailed.

Prince Adolphus and his companions, after some hours, reached a wood; and, their exhausted horses being quite unable to proceed, they determined to halt in a remote part of the wood, and there rest till night. They were still some miles from this spot, when they observed a cloud of dust behind them. They were on an open plain, and no means of escape presented itself; their horses too could scarcely proceed. In a few moments, a detachment of ten hussars became visible.

"My friends!" exclaimed the Prince, "we cannot escape! But I will not fall into their hands alive! The fate that awaits me is worse than death. Make your escape, if possible; they are in pursuit of me; and will not trouble themselves about you, when they have secured me." Say-

ing this, he turned his horse, and drew two pistols from his belt. His followers refused to forsake him; and all imitated his example.

The detachment soon came up to them: the commanding officer approached the Prince, and acquainted him with his orders; he commanded him to stand back, saying, "Remember, Sir, one day I may be your Prince."

"Then I will serve you," replied the officer, "with the same fidelity that I now serve your father! For the last time, I command you to surrender."

The Prince declaring his resolution not to suffer himself to be taken alive, the officer gave the word to attack. The Prince and his companions fired their pistols, but wounded only two of the soldiers. The officer, who was anxious to take him alive, desired the soldiers to use their swords. The Master of the Horse had already received a wound in the head; and the Prince being hurt in the arm, capture seemed inevitable: on a sudden, Woldemar saw the Esthonians, and, calling to them in their language to come to his assistance, they hastened to the contest; and with their immense clubs attacked the soldiers in the rear. Not expecting such an assault, they were immediately thrown into disorder: some

were dismounted, others disabled; while the Prince and his companions, animated by this timely succour, fell on them with renewed vigour. In a few moments, the contest was decided: two of the soldiers fled; and the remainder, though slightly wounded, were unable to proceed, and had the mortification of seeing the Prince, escorted by his foreign guard, make towards the wood. "After all, there was some good," thought Woldemar, "in my learning Esthonian from my nurse!"

The danger, however, was not yet over; and it was considerably augmented by the wounds which the Prince and his Master of the Horse had received, and which scarcely allowed them to keep on their saddles. The latter offered to remain behind, and surrender, that he might not impede the flight of his master: but the Prince insisted on sharing his fate, whatever it might be.

His highness, who had occasionally hunted in this neighbourhood, called to mind the hut of the forester, which was at some distance: his wounds, however, would not suffer him to proceed; and he was, besides, rather uncertain as to the road. Woldemar, however, had a remedy for both these evils: he opened his knapsack, and, taking out some lint, dressed their wounds with

all the skill of a surgeon, to the no small surprise of his companions; he then recommended his two patients to take some repose. Towards evening, they were greatly refreshed, and set out for the forester's cottage. It was dark before they reached it, and found only the forester's wife at home, who immediately recognised the Prince. She set before them the best her cottage afforded, and prepared their night quarters. She made the room very comfortable; but in vain endeavoured to stop up, by means of old sacks, a broken window, through which a cold north wind blew very keenly. "My husband," said she, "intended to mend it, and even brought the glass with him from the village, but he has never found time to do it."

"Did you say, you had the glass here?" inquired Woldemar. "Let me have it, and I will soon mend the window."

The woman brought the glass, which Woldemar cut with his diamond, and in less than half an hour he had accomplished his task; but, not having any putty at hand, he was obliged to use dough.

"Why, Woldemar," cried the Prince, "you are a conjuror!"

"I received that name when a boy," returned

he; and after seeing him comfortably settled for the night, went to look after the horses. "Well," thought he, as he was going to bed, "it is good that the honest glazier taught me something of his art!"

At daybreak, he hastened into the wood, in search of medicinal herbs; and, having found what he wanted, returned home, and prepared a liniment, with which he dressed the Prince's wound.

The Prince was so much relieved by his kind attention, that he felt himself equal to pursue his journey; but it was deemed more advisable to remain secluded in their present abode, till the search for them should have abated a little. Their only difficulty, however, was how to procure provisions; having consumed every thing the pantry contained, on their first meal. The Prince gave the woman a purse, and requested her to lay in a stock for some days.

The woman did not return from the village, which was several miles distant, till late at night, when she brought only a basket of eggs, and was driving an ox before her. She made many apologies for not bringing butchers' meat, which her strength would not permit her to carry; and she was, besides, afraid it might lead to a discovery. The soldiers, she said, were reconnoitring in

every direction; large placards were put up in the village, commanding any person who knew of the Prince's retreat, to make it known to the magistrates.

To remain here any longer was therefore insecure; and, after they had made a hasty meal, they pursued a narrow road, which led through the wood, at the end of which, the woman told them, lay a small village, through which they would have to pass in their way to the neighbouring principality, which was divided from this village only by a narrow stream.

The forester's wife led them part of the way; and on parting at the cross road, she gave them particular directions as to the direction they were to pursue. They continued their flight without interruption throughout the night; but at daybreak found that the road did not agree with the description given by the woman. The morning being very gloomy, Woldemar was unable to discover their locality from the sun; he therefore examined the bark of the trees, which are always rough towards the north. They had made a considerable circuit; but were able to regain the road; and, towards evening, met with some miners, who were enjoying themselves round a fire, and invited the strangers to share

their evening meal, which they were just preparing. It consisted of mushrooms, of which the Prince was particularly fond; but Woldemar had no sooner seen them, than he exclaimed, "Do not touch them; they are poisonous!" This information was gratefully received; but the miners had unfortunately no substitute; and all the party had a good appetite. Woldemar, who had, however, provided himself with some of the beef, opened his knapsack, and set it before them.

Here they rested the whole night; and the sun had scarcely gilded the tops of the trees, when they resumed their journey through the wood. Towards evening, it became more and more open; and at sunset they saw a heavy storm approaching. The village was still about four miles distant, and the road lay through deep sands, which the horses in vain endeavoured to cross during the high wind. They therefore resolved to halt till morning; but were quite unable to procure fodder, as the neighbouring fields seemed to be private property.

In this dilemma, Woldemar saw a farmer standing by the side of a plough, and wringing his hands. The ox, which drew it, had fallen down; and Woldemar, on approaching, plainly

saw that the animal had overeaten itself, and, unless attended to, must die immediately.

He hastened back, drew his surgical case from his knapsack; and going up to the farmer, asked, "Is your ox in danger?"

"Oh, he is as good as dead!" exclaimed the man. "I have lost three in this way! I am ruined!"

"If you will let me do as I like," said he, "I will cure him instantly."

"If you could do that, Sir, you would indeed render me a great service."

Woldemar took his instrument; and, to the horror of the farmer, ran it into the side of the ox! But, instead of his dying, the accumulated wind escaped through this aperture, and he was on his legs in less than a quarter of an hour.

"How can I ever repay you!" exclaimed the farmer.

"You may do so immediately," returned Woldemar. "The three persons yonder are my companions; they are honest men; but are obliged to conceal themselves. We seek a night's lodging, and fodder for our horses: for both of which we will repay you liberally, provided you take care that we are not discovered, and at daybreak reach the neighbouring kingdom in safety.

The man started, looked at him for some time in silence, and then exclaimed, "Sir, I guess who you are: in every quarter, notices have been issued, which leave no doubt as to your identity. We have been commanded to keep a strict look-out for you, which will be rewarded handsomely. But I have heard so much in favour of our young Prince, and you have this moment rendered me so great a service, that I should be indeed ungrateful, were I to betray you! Be at ease: it will soon be dark; and when night has quite set in, I will take you to my hut, which lies at the other end of the village."

With this assurance, Woldemar returned to the Prince; and the whole party reached the cottage unobserved. They found only the wife of the farmer, who was sitting at her spinning-wheel; and was not a little surprised at the entrance of the guests. Her husband took her into the next room, where they exchanged many loud words. "We must not let them see our anxiety," said Woldemar; "or else we may be discovered." Saying this, he sat down at the wheel, and began to spin. Though the Prince was in very low spirits, he could not help laughing at seeing his Page thus occupied. The wheel went rapidly round, when the woman

entered, with an angry countenance, and, on seeing Woldemar at her wheel, exclaimed rudely, "What are you after, Sir?" and, running up to him, was not a little surprised when she saw the fine and even thread which he was spinning. "Why," said she, "you might teach all the girls in the village: but spin on, and then I shall lose nothing by making the beer soup, which my husband has just now desired me to do." Woldemar promised that he would work so hard that she should be quite surprised; and the old woman, forgetting her ill-humour, often looked on; while Woldemar said to himself, "It is well that I learnt to spin!"

Their boy, who had been sent to fetch a surgeon to bleed the woman's mother, who was lying on a bed in a corner of the room, now returned, and said that he was from home. "If you want to be bled," cried Woldemar, springing up from the wheel, "I can soon help you."

The woman did not at first wish it. But when her son-in-law told her how speedily Woldemar had cured his ox, she consented; and he performed the operation, to her great relief. All the inmates now regarded him with the greatest kindness; and the woman even sent the boy a

long way, on some pretended errand; and often listened at the door, to ascertain if all were safe.

On the following morning, as they were about to depart, the boy returned home, and running up to Woldemar, seized his bridle, and called out with all his might. But Woldemar gave him a tremendous blow with the butt end of his whip, and, disengaging himself, galloped after his companions. They had scarcely proceeded a fifth part of their way, when they heard the alarm bell. They put spurs to their horses, and, dashing through the deepest sand, reached the river. But here was no bridge; not even a ferry. A small boat was the only conveyance, and the boatman refused to put out in such a storm. No offer of money could prevail on him. Woldemar drew his pistol, and threatened to shoot him, which seemed to have some effect; and he left them, under pretext of fetching his son; but he did not return.

Not a moment was to be lost; a great multitude of country people, armed with scythes and pitchforks, were close upon them.

"We are lost!" exclaimed the Prince: "none of us has ever steered a vessel."—"Excepting me," returned Woldemar. "Step in quickly, my

Prince; and if the Chamberlain and the Master of the Horse know something of rowing, we shall gain the opposite shore in safety."

The Prince had no choice: he sprang into the boat; his companions seized the oars, and Woldemar the helm. The wind blew high, and the waves several times threatened to engulf the little bark; but Woldemar maintained his self-possession, and steered with much dexterity. "Why, man, where did you learn that?"—"Of our honest fishermen," exclaimed the Page, laughing. "It was good that I learnt it!"

After considerable difficulty, they reached the opposite shore, to the great astonishment of their pursuers, who, not having a boat to follow them, were obliged to turn back.

The Prince had no sooner landed, than he embraced Woldemar, exclaiming: "My valued Fels! I shall never forget this! Without you, I must, long since, have perished!"

Having left their horses on the other side of the water, they were obliged to continue their journey on foot. But the Prince had no sooner made himself known, than he was received with every demonstration of respect. The magistrates immediately provided a handsome house for him; and sent a courier to court, with the intelligence.

He returned in a few days, with an invitation from the King, of which the Prince was about to avail himself, when news arrived of the sudden death of his father, who had received a fall while hunting, and died a few hours afterwards. He set out immediately, and returned to his own dominions as a sovereign, which, but a few days before, he had left as a fugitive.

At the city gates, he was received by the crest-fallen favourite, who expected nothing better than imprisonment for life; but the Prince, mindful of the timely information which the Lady Emilia, the beloved of his friend Woldemar, had given him, received him courteously.

The place, which he had so long unworthily held, was given to Woldemar; and the haughty Count Von Hohenberg, who once thought the poor Page sufficiently requited for saving the life of his daughter by a gift of twenty roubles, now esteemed himself fortunate in giving him this daughter in marriage.

* * * * *

Never neglect an opportunity of acquiring information, however insignificant it may appear. The time may come, when this knowledge will be rewarded with interest.

FATHER JOHN.

Towards the end of the last century, there was, in France, in the department of the *Côte d' Or*, near *Aigny le Duc*, a hermitage, inhabited by an anchoret, known by the name of Father John, who sometimes picked up a little money by repairing watches, and by giving instruction in painting amongst the families of the neighbourhood. These earnings, added to the alms, which he received from different quarters, made it probable that he must have amassed considerable property, particularly as his way of living was uncommonly moderate. On the night between the 5th and 6th of December, 1780, this hermit was asleep in an alcove, near his kitchen, when some robbers broke into the hermitage, threw his cowl over his head, bound him hand and foot, and demanded his money. The hermit at first denied having any: but the repeated threats of the robbers, who made him touch a musket and a naked sword, to convince him that they were ready to put their menaces into execution, frightened him into a confession that he had nine louis d'or and a half in gold in a tin box, which he had concealed in the ground near

Page 108.

Father John and the Robbers.

St. Paul's Church Yard

a wall of his garden, opposite a large pear tree. The villains immediately ran to the spot, leaving one of their comrades to stand guard over the monk; but they soon returned disappointed. They then dragged the poor hermit himself to the garden, with his cowl over his head, and his hands and feet tied. Having at length by his directions discovered his little treasure, they took him back to his bed, to which they fastened him with strong cords, and then left him in this painful and deplorable condition. Fortunately for the poor anchoret, there lived at a short distance from his hermitage a respectable farmer, with whose family he was intimately acquainted. This farmer's old mother, in particular, enjoyed the hermit's confidence. He used to trust her with his keys whenever he went from home; and constantly applied to her for any little matter he wanted in his habitation. At the time when he was robbed, the good woman was in a dying state. He had often requested the farmer to send for him, whenever his mother should be thought past recovery. The farmer therefore, finding that very night that the good woman's end was fast approaching, went first for his brothers and sisters, and afterwards ran to the hermitage, which he reached about an hour after

Father John had been robbed. He knocked at the door, and called the hermit, but in vain: at length he fancied he heard him groaning; he then got over the garden wall; and, finding the kitchen door open, he soon reached the alcove, where the poor monk was lying half dead on his couch. Having released him from his cords, the farmer lighted a fire to revive the sore and benumbed limbs of the hermit; and afterwards told him that his mother was on the point of death. But Father John had been so bruised and ill-treated by the robbers, that he could not move from the spot. He desired the farmer to go back to his mother, and to return to the hermitage as soon as he could; because he had matters of great importance to communicate to him. The farmer, complying with this request, came early in the morning back to the hermitage; he found Father John a good deal recovered, and more composed. At breakfast, the monk related at large how he had been robbed, and added: "I know some of the villains; I recognised three of them by their voice. They are Vauriot, Chaumont, and Claude Gentil, your brother."

This declaration struck the honest farmer with horror. He solemnly protested that it was im-

possible for his brother to have had any share in the robbery. "How could he?" observed the farmer. "At the time when the thieves forced your door, Claude was fast asleep in his bed. I know it to a certainty; for at that very hour I went to fetch him to my poor dying mother, with whom he is still at this moment; and as for his being connected with Vauriot, I can assure you that you are completely mistaken; every body in the place knows that my brother, far from being on good terms with him, has just commenced an action at law against Vauriot!" These observations, however, and many others equally strong, were all lost upon the hermit, who pertinaciously asserted that he had recognised Claude Gentil's voice; but promised that he would not name him to the magistrate. The farmer left the monk with a heavy heart, and was no sooner gone than the latter, forgetful of his promise, hastened to make his charge against the unfortunate Claude Gentil and his two pretended associates. The very next day they were all three arrested and sent to prison. When their trial came on, the hermit swore that he had distinctly recognised the voice of each of the three prisoners. The strong testimony of the farmer in behalf of his innocent brother was

rejected, because he was his brother. Other witnesses were heard, whose far-fetched circumstantial evidence appeared to give some faint colouring to the deposition of Father John. The parliament of Dijon condemned Vauriot and Chaumont to the galleys for their natural lives; and the equally innocent Claude Gentil to be hanged. In vain did the three convicts loudly and solemnly protest their innocence; the sentence was executed, and the unfortunate brother of the honest farmer appealed to Heaven up to the last moment of his existence, that he was perfectly guiltless of the crime for which he suffered. No remorse assailed the heart of the old hermit. Convinced in his own mind that he had recognised the voice of the farmer's brother and of the other two individuals, he thought he had done his duty to society by delivering the guilty to the vengeance of the law. But two years had scarcely elapsed, when some criminals, on being taken up for some other crime, confessed that they had robbed the hermit. Claude Gentil's unsullied fame was restored by a formal public recognition of his innocence; and Vauriot and Chaumont were released from their chains, and rejoined their families. The old monk, of course, was inconsolable. He felt that his ob-

stinacy in trusting too much to his senses, when he was agitated with fear and smarting under ill usage, was unpardonable; and he never ceased to consider himself the murderer of an innocent youth, to whose family he owed some gratitude. Death alone put an end to his remorseful anguish.

The trial by jury is one of the happy institutions with which England is blessed, and the safest protection of innocence; but those who act as jurors are frequently obliged to decide upon the strength of circumstantial evidence. It is especially on those solemn occasions that they ought to be mindful of the great difficulty of arriving at the truth. If ever you should happen to be on a jury, remember, my dear George, the affecting story of a poor man in the reign of queen Elizabeth. He was arraigned for murder, and would infallibly have been hanged, had not the guilty individual himself been upon the jury. Innocence and guilt are not so easily discriminated as the thoughtless are presumptuously prone to believe!

THE WEARIED SOLDIER, OR THE CHRISTIAN'S WARFARE.

. . . He was exhausted, and, leaning against the old cross near which he had so often played in his childhood, looked upon the surrounding country with a melancholy expression of countenance.

"Surely!" exclaimed he, "this is the common of my native village, and this is the cross whose arms used to direct the traveller over the wide plain. But the arms are decayed, the inscription obliterated, and the whole scene is changed. The bounds of the common, too, seem to be contracted, and extensive inclosures have taken the place of the neat gardens of the labourers, and the little cottages, that once skirted it, are gone. There, on the right, stood the cheerful cabin where I left my beloved Susan and two smiling infants. And now, after ten years' warfare and captivity in a foreign land, I find her not, and even my pretty cottage is swept away. Has some wealthy lord got possession of the whole tract, and reduced the once peaceful peasantry to the necessity of seeking an uncertain subsistence far from their own loved village? Where shall I find the friends and companions

of my youth? Some perhaps are sleeping in the silent dust, while others are houseless wanderers like myself. O that I had one kind friend who could point out the dreary way that lies before me, and give me some tidings of my wife and my sweet babes!"

While he was indulging these melancholy reflections, two little boys, who had been tending their sheep, came to the place where he stood; the eldest, a fine open-hearted lad, about twelve years of age, approached first, followed by his younger brother.

"My dear children," said the veteran, "can you direct a wearied soldier to the nearest cottage, where he may rest and refresh himself? for I have wandered about many a long year, and now that I come home, I find no place where to lay my head."

"Poor man!" cried the eldest boy, "how I pity you! My mother's cottage is not far off; she will, I am sure, bid you welcome, and give you some refreshment, for you seem much tired."

"I thank you heartily; I am indeed tired, and long to rest these weary limbs. Oh, when will the days of my sorrows be over!"

The soldier wiped his eyes, and continued leaning against the cross; the two children,

struck with his forlorn condition, gazed at him attentively for some time, whispering to each other. The younger at last broke silence: "My father has been long a soldier in distant lands, and my mother has not heard any thing about him for many years. Perhaps you may have known him?"

"My dear child," exclaimed he, "I have experienced the misery of seeing thousands fall beside me. I have seen the young man go forth in the morning with all the fire and enthusiasm of youth, while the evening beheld him a mangled corpse upon the bloody plain. Where then is he who, in these times of slaughter and danger, can hope to return to the bosom of his family, to pass the short remnant of his days in peace, and at last to sleep in the grave of his father and his mother! Tell me, however, the name of your father?"

"George Pierrie," answered the boy.

"George Pierrie!" cried the soldier, and a gleam of joy lightened up his countenance. "Oh my children," sobbed he, throwing his arms round the astonished boys, "have I at length found you? Have I still a wife who can share my joys and my sorrows; who can soothe and comfort my remaining years? Have I still children who

can cherish me, who can obliterate the grief of the years that are gone, and make the winter of my life bright and happy? Now indeed may I praise the goodness of Providence, in causing the wearied soldier to be at rest, even in this life!"

And now, my dear friend, I dare say you are interested with my anecdote, and are picturing to yourself the happiness of the returning warrior, on finding a home of joy and peace, far from all the storms that agitate this busy world. Do you not think that the life of the Christian is very much like that of the wearied soldier? Like him, he looks to the cross to direct and guide him in his difficulties; like him, too, he leans upon it for comfort and support; like him, he has a race to run; like him, he has a foe to wrestle with, but it is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Like him, he must gird himself in armour; but it is not his sword that shall help him, he knows that the Lord of Hosts is his shield and buckler, his fortress and his strong rock, the great captain also of his salvation. Like David, he throws aside all reliance on his own strength, and putting on the whole armour of God, he goes forth to the combat,

having his loins girt about with truth, and his feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. Above all, he takes the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit.

Thus arrayed, he goes forth in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel: for the battle is the Lord's, and He will give him strength to subdue the foes who are within and around him. Then, when his warfare is accomplished, when the High God, who has shielded his head in the day of battle, has made him to triumph over his enemies, may he exclaim with humble confidence in the all-sufficient merits of his Redeemer, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day.

Onward, O Christian! thy course now pursue,
Keep thy high calling for ever in view;
Turn not aside from the path that is right,
But on with the sword of the Spirit and fight!
Look to the arm of the Lord for support,
Then will thy battles be valiantly fought;
Combat with enemies thou shalt sustain;
Victory over them all shalt thou gain;

Vanity, selfishness, envy, and all,
Low 'neath the strength of Jehovah shall fall:
Fight then! for He will for ever be nigh,
This for thy motto: "To conquer or die!"

THE SAILOR BOY.

"See how, beneath the moon-beam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast;
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And, murmuring, then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea;
And having swell'd a moment there,
Thus melts into Eternity!"

Richard Freeman was always a good boy, obedient to his parents and obliging to his brothers and sisters. When he was about fifteen years old, his father died, and as his mother was very poor, and had a large family, a kind friend who knew that Richard had a wish to go to sea, obtained a situation for him as cabin-boy in a fine large ship, just sailing for India.

Richard's mother was very sorry to part with

him; and his brothers, Charles and James, little Anna, and sweet baby Ellen, and all his school-fellows, cried bitterly, for Richard was the general favourite.

When the day arrived on which Richard was to leave his kind friends, his mother, after tenderly embracing him, said: "You are now, my dear Richard, going out into a new world. You will have no mother to direct and counsel you; perhaps you may even be thrown into the society of bad companions; but remember, my dear child, all the good instructions you have received. Keep in the good and the right way: never forget to read your Bible every morning and evening. This may perhaps be the last time I shall see you in this life, therefore keep in mind my parting advice. Never tell an untruth, even if it may seem a present advantage. Though you may appear to be alone and friendless, yet God will always be near you; and whenever you are in distress, fly to Him, for He has promised never to leave or forsake those that call upon Him in the hour of need."

Richard affectionately assured his mother that he would never forget her kind advice. He promised to write to her as often as an opportu-

nity should offer; and then with a heavy heart bade adieu to his native village.

It was the beginning of April that Richard went on board the beautiful ship, the Wanderer. Here all was bustle and confusion, for she was to sail in a few days. Though his attention was naturally at first attracted by the novelty of the scene around, he did not forget to offer up a prayer for the safety of the vessel.

> "While o'er the waters day by day
> The Wanderer ploughs her weary way;
> Do thou, great God! her path attend,
> And be her guardian, guide, and friend."

Though the sameness of a life on ship-board was greater than Richard had anticipated, he found amusement in watching the various birds and fish that sported round the vessel: he was, besides, constantly engaged in waiting on the passengers, by whom he was much liked. His spare time he devoted to teaching a young lad, named Thomas, to read. This boy had not been blessed with such good parents as Richard, and was at first so ungovernable, that the Captain put him under Richard's special charge. He soon succeeded in inducing several of the other sailor

boys to join him in the hold every evening, when he read to them either a chapter out of the Bible, or one of the other books which his mother had given him.

They had now a fair wind, and were proceeding rapidly:

> "The sails were spread, the masts were strong,
> And swift they sped the bark along;
> But oh, how vain their aid would be,
> Without the breeze that comes from Thee!"

Their progress was however soon arrested by a dead calm; and the vessel continued nearly motionless on the blue waters of the ocean, only rocked to and fro by the swell of the sea. Every sail was spread to catch the dying breeze, but all in vain. Richard had often heard the sailors speak of the horrors of a gale, but he never imagined that so much could be suffered from a calm. With anxious hearts did the crew watch day after day, and week after week, for a favourable wind. At last, when hope had almost forsaken them, the wished-for breeze sprang up; every sail was filled, and the Wanderer went on her way rejoicing.

In proportion as they had felt the suspense of the calm, so were the crew now grateful for this

brisk gale. As soon as Richard was able, he called his young companions together. "We must not forget," exclaimed he, "to thank God for this favourable change. My dear mother often told me, that if our life were too calm and tranquil, we should not be happy. So it was with the sea: when it was so calm a few hours ago, we all felt that unless God would be pleased to send the breeze, we must perish."

About this time they crossed the line, where Richard had not been before, and consequently he underwent the customary ceremony of ducking. He behaved on this trying occasion with his usual good temper, and was in consequence treated less roughly than some others who did not quietly submit to the arbitrary usage of the seamen.

There were among the passengers, a Colonel Hargraves and his family, who were particularly fond of Richard. While the nurse was one morning carrying one of his little girls about on deck, the ship heaving suddenly, the poor child slipped out of her arms and fell overboard. Richard was among the first to plunge after her; but she clung to him so firmly that he with difficulty kept himself above water. "Oh save my poor child!" cried the agonised mother.

A boat was lowered, but he had not strength to reach it. By this time, Colonel Hargraves, who was in the cabin when the accident happened, came up, and springing into the water, supported Richard, with the senseless child in his arms, until they were taken up by the boat's crew.

I will not attempt to describe the joy of the parents and the whole ship's company, when Richard and little Sophy were once more on deck: from having been partially kept above water, she was soon able to run about again, but Richard was severely hurt, and obliged to keep his bed several days.

Nothing could exceed the kindness of Colonel and Mrs. Hargraves to Richard; and, indeed, every person on board vied in their kind offices to him. Little Sophy used to come and sit on his berth: she loved to hear him talk about God's goodness in saving them from a watery grave. His friend Tom one day alluding to his providential preservation from the deep: "Yes," exclaimed Richard, "God drew me out of many waters: He fulfilled his gracious promise: When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee.

"Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on Him!"

After this, nothing particular occurred until they were within about five-hundred miles of Calcutta. The voyage had on the whole been prosperous; and the Captain was so much pleased with Richard, that he promised to let him go ashore with Colonel and Mrs. Hargraves, who intended remaining there. They wished to prevail upon the Captain to let Richard enter their service, but he would not consent to part with him; and Richard, though much attached to the Colonel's family, could not bear the thoughts of being separated from his mother.

The weather had now been rather boisterous for some days, and the experienced eye of the mariner plainly saw an approaching storm. The Captain gave the necessary orders, and all was in activity on board the Wanderer. Towards evening he summoned all the men, and telling them that he expected a hard gale that night, desired them to be on the look-out.

The necessary preparations were scarcely finished, when it began to thunder, and the rain fell in torrents: a dreadful hurricane tore the main-sail, shattered the masts, and shook the ship so violently, that the helm was not sufficient to direct her, and they were obliged to let her drive. The fury of the tempest was increasing;

the dark waves broke over the vessel; the red lightning glared on the fearful scene, and the thunder rolled in awful peals.

In this dreadful moment, Richard recalled the last words of his mother: "He will never leave thee nor forsake thee;" and he exclaimed:

"Oh, Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow;
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Lord save, or we perish!"

The wind continued to toss the ship, the waves washed two of the crew overboard, and the vessel was much broken by the violence of the storm. At last the dreadful cry: "The ship has struck!" broke on the ears of the affrighted passengers.

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell;
Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave;
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave!"

The boats were instantly lowered: Richard had collected provisions in the long-boat, and catching two little children in his arms, jumped into her, followed by several of the passengers. Three or four experienced sailors were fortunately in this boat: they were in great distress

for several hours, and when the storm had partially subsided, and they were able to take a calmer view of their situation, their first impulse was to return thanks to the Almighty, who had protected them during the storm.

"O most mighty and gracious God," said they, "Thou hast shewed us terrible things and wonders in the deep, that we might see how powerful Thou art. The waters of the sea had well nigh covered us: we were carried up as it were into heaven, and then down again into the deep. Then Thou didst send forth thy commandment, and the wind and storm ceased; and all was calm. Praised be the Lord daily, even the Lord that helpeth us, and poureth his benefits upon us; for He is the Lord by whom we have escaped death!"

"Thou dost the lawless sea controul,
And change the prospect of the deep;
Thou makest the sleeping billows roll,
Thou makest the rolling billows sleep."

Many anxious days and fearful nights did they endure. They had not met with a single vessel; their frail bark seemed too weak to last much longer, and they were nearly exhausted with hunger and fatigue, when they reached Calcutta. There they landed amidst the welcome and commise-

ration of the spectators. Richard was the last to land, and just when he had put his foot on shore, the boat went to pieces. "This," exclaimed Richard, "is a fresh instance of God's goodness: had this bark gone to pieces half an hour sooner, we must all have perished."

Here he met several of his shipmates and fellow passengers: their joy at meeting after so eventful a separation was inexpressible. Several had perished: the Wanderer was a complete wreck: and the poor Captain had lost his only son.

Richard was much pleased with Calcutta; he went with Tom to the Cathedral of St. Peter, and heard the good Bishop Heber preach. Richard was delighted at this, for the Bishop had formerly been rector of Hodnet, where the Freemans lived, and had always been particularly kind to them. When Richard came home, he told Colonel Hargraves of it, who took him the next morning to the Bishop's palace.

The good Bishop instantly recognised his young friend and parishioner. "I am glad to see anybody from dear Hodnet," said he, "and particularly one who was always so mindful of my instructions as you were." He made him sit down, and Richard had to give him an account,

not only of his own family, but of almost every person residing at Hodnet. Richard remained full two hours with the Bishop, who promised to see him again before he left.

Captain Stuart having procured another ship, Richard and nearly all the other sailors begged to return with him. Colonel and Mrs. Hargraves, and children, again urged him to stay with them; but he longed to return to the place of his nativity. They loaded him with presents, not only for himself, but also for his mother. After an absence of nine months, he embarked for England, committing himself to the care of the Almighty, "who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters, who maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind."

JULIUS,
OR THE DEAF AND DUMB ORPHAN.

In the dusk of a winter's evening, a deaf and dumb boy, in beggar's clothes, was found by the watchman on the Pont Neuf at Paris. He delivered him to an officer of police, who carried him

to the celebrated Abbé de l'Epée, whose house had long been an asylum for the victims of unceasing privation and ignorance. This benevolent and extraordinary man had devoted his whole life, and all the powers of his exalted mind, to the instruction of those pitiable objects who had the misfortune to be born deaf and dumb. He maintained them out of his own unassisted purse, scarcely allowing himself necessaries, that they might live in comfort. This good Priest readily took charge of the poor deserted child; and having dismissed the officer of police, began to examine his countenance, in which were discoverable uncommon sensibility and animation. Though clad in a beggar's garb, yet had the child a noble look, which bespoke him of no common birth. The abhorrence and surprise he expressed at the sight of the dirty rags which covered him, plainly proved that they were such as he had not been used to wear. The Abbé caused them to be changed for some more decent; at which the intelligent boy showed signs of great joy, and likewise gratitude to his benefactor.

Convinced that his new charge had become the victim of some diabolical design, the Abbé de l'Epée ordered him to be advertised, with a de-

scription of his person, in all the newspapers of Paris; and all other means were used to discover to whom he belonged, but in vain. Few are willing to claim the unfortunate! The great and good Abbé de l'Epée seemed almost to stand alone in this heavenly office. He now determined to become a second father to this poor forsaken innocent; he gave him the name of Theodore, and placed him among his pupils, where he soon began to distinguish himself, and improved in such an extraordinary manner, that, after the space of three years, his mind expanded, and he experienced, as it were, a sort of second birth. Innumerable recollections then struck upon his imagination; the Abbé conversed with him by signs which equalled the rapidity of thought, and to which Theodore replied with no less promptitude.

One day, as they were walking past the courts of justice, on seeing a magistrate get out of his carriage, Theodore started with surprise, and made the Abbé understand, that a man dressed like the one they now saw, in purple and ermine, used to hold him in his arms, and often bathed him with his tears. By this the Abbé judged that Theodore was the son of a magistrate, who, by his dress of purple and ermine, must have

belonged to some of the superior courts; and therefore that his native place was a capital town.

Another day, as they were passing through one of the suburbs, they saw a funeral procession of a person of quality. This caused a great change in Theodore's countenance, which continued to increase as the cavalcade advanced; but when the coffin came in sight, he turned pale as death, trembled, and threw himself into the arms of his protector. Being soothed and comforted for some time, he became more composed, and made known, by signs, that a short time before he was brought to Paris, he had in like manner, dressed in a black cloak, followed the corpse of the magistrate who had so tenderly caressed him. Every body cried, but he cried most, and continually bewailed the loss of this kind and indulgent friend.—From this the Abbé inferred, that Theodore was an orphan, and heir to a large fortune, which had tempted his relations, by taking advantage of his infirmities, to rob him of his property, banish him from his home, and lose him for ever. These important discoveries redoubled the zeal and strengthened the hope of the Abbé de l'Epée. Theodore grew more interesting every day, and his improvements were beyond imagination.

The Abbé continually meditated on the project of reinstating him in those rights he was so fully persuaded had been wrested from him. But how could he discover his real home? The unfortunate youth had never heard his father's name; he was ignorant of the place of his birth, and of the family to which he belonged. On being asked if he remembered the moment when he first beheld Paris, he answered, it was ever present to his mind, and that he could still imagine he saw the gate by which he entered it.

The next day the Abbé and his pupil went to take a view of all the gates of Paris. When they approached that called the Barriere d'Enfer, Theodore made signs that he recollected it, that the baggage was examined there, and that he had got out of a carriage with two persons, who had accompanied him all the way, and whom he perfectly remembered.

These circumstances, together with the number of nights he described having passed on the road, and the changing of horses from time to time, made the Abbé suppose that he came from the south, and that his native place was one of the principal towns in the south of France. Innumerable inquiries were now made in all the chief cities in the south; but they all proved

fruitless. The vast genius and penetrating mind of the Abbé de l'Epée, governed by the dictates of humanity, now suggested the only possible plan of discovering what he so earnestly wished for, which was, to visit these cities himself, accompanied by Theodore, who seemed to have too strong a recollection of the circumstances of his journey to Paris, to have forgotten the place of his birth. The enterprise was great, long, and laborious; especially as there was little hope of success, unless they travelled on foot, and leisurely, so that Theodore might have an opportunity of examining the places through which they were to pass.

The venerable Abbé, though old and infirm, seemed inspired by Heaven to this vast undertaking. After imploring the blessing of Providence, he set out with no other attendant than his beloved pupil, and having passed the Barriere d'Enfer, travelled southward, traversing most of the considerable cities, without gaining any intelligence, and enduring incredible fatigue and difficulty.

At the end of sixty-six days, just as the Abbé's strength began to fail, and his hopes to abandon him, they arrived at the gates of Toulouse. As they entered the town, Theodore seized the

hand of his protector, and made a sign that he remembered that place. Every step they advanced, Theodore's countenance became more and more animated; he prostrated himself on the ground, raised his hands towards Heaven, and informed his second father that he had found his birth-place. They now proceeded with redoubled pace; and having crossed the street called the Course, came in sight of a square, in which stood a magnificent building. Immediately on coming opposite to this grand mansion, Theodore uttered a dreadful shriek, and fell senseless into the arms of the Abbé. The good man, terrified at his death-like appearance, called for help; and a footman in a very rich livery, coming up at the instant, assisted in his recovery.

After some time, Theodore came to himself; and the first use he made of his reason was to acquaint the Abbé, by signs, that in that house he was born; that in that house he was fondled and caressed by the judge that wore purple and ermine, and from thence it was that he followed the coffin, as before described: that he continued to live there, with a playfellow a little older than himself, of whom he was excessively fond, till he was taken to Paris, and lost in the midst of that city.

The Abbé, overwhelmed with joy, forgot all the fatigue of their long and painful journey; and turning to the footman who had assisted in the recovery of his pupil, inquired of him to whom that grand house belonged? He answered, that it belonged to Monsieur D'Arlemont, the richest man in Toulouse; and, fixing his eyes on Theodore all the time, exclaimed, "Ah, how like he is to the picture!"

De l'Epée would fain have asked many more questions; but the footman, saying he was wanted, instantly entered the dwelling of D'Arlemont, of whom it seemed he was one of the domestics.

Theodore rushed on to follow him, but was withheld by the Abbé. So vehement was his desire to enter his native home, that it required all the influence of his beloved friend and instructor to restrain him. The comprehensive mind of De l'Epée was now employed in thinking of the best means of reinstating his adopted child in those possessions which he plainly perceived had been torn from him by violence and injustice; and to have suffered him, in the first transport of his feelings, thus abruptly to have shown himself, might have proved fatal to the means he intended to employ for the attainment of justice. Having, with great difficulty, persuaded Theodore

to put this necessary restraint on his passions, and to submit to the guidance of his best friend, the Abbé motioned his intelligent pupil to kneel down with him, while he thus addressed the Giver of all good:

"O Thou who guidest by thy will the thoughts of men—Thou by whom I was inspired to this great undertaking; O Power omnipotent, deign to accept the grateful adoration of thy aged servant, whom Thou hast still protected—and of this speechless orphan, to whom Thou hast made me a second father! If I have uprightly discharged my duty—if all my love and labours for him may dare to ask a benediction, vouchsafe to shed its dews on this forlorn one, and let his good be all my great reward."

After this prayer, the Abbé seemed to feel a presentiment of success in his arduous undertaking. He now made known to Theodore, that they should take up their abode at an inn, where they might rest their weary limbs, and then endeavour to gain further information concerning D'Arlemont. From what had already appeared, there seemed but little doubt of his being a principal actor in the tragedy of Theodore. After the most minute inquiry, the Abbé de l'Epée learned, that the mansion which had caused such

emotion in the breast of Theodore, was the ancient Hotel d'Harancour: that about eighteen years back, Julius Count d'Harancour lost his lady, a most amiable woman, soon after the birth of an only child, which was a son: that the Count's grief for her loss was greatly aggravated by the misfortune of this son, in whom he had fondly hoped to find consolation, being born deaf and dumb. The child was named Julius, after his father; and, as he grew up, discovered an excellent disposition and astonishing acuteness. When he was near ten years old, the worthy Count d'Harancour died, leaving his hapless son sole heir of all his fortune. A maternal uncle, named D'Arlemont, was, by the will, appointed his only guardian. This D'Arlemont had now taken possession of the Hotel d'Harancour, and all the estates bequeathed to his nephew; giving out that the young Count died at Paris eight years ago, whither he had taken him to consult the faculty on his unhappy case.

A certificate of his death, properly authenticated, had been produced. This information convinced the Abbé, that D'Arlemont was the wretch who had taken advantage of a defenceless and unprotected orphan, to violate the ties of consanguinity and honour.

"Grant, O Power Supreme!" cried De l'Epée, "that I may unmask and confound this unnatural villain! and thus prove to mankind, that there is no crime which Thou dost not, sooner or later, bring to light; and that nothing can escape thy unerring justice."

The next material inquiry was for a lawyer of eminence, and known honour and integrity. Monsieur Franval, whose house was opposite the Hotel d'Harancour, was spoken of as possessing every qualification desirable in one of his profession. To him, therefore, did the Abbé repair. No sooner did the Counsellor hear the name of De l'Epée, than he eagerly ran to embrace the Abbé.

"I have," said he, "obtained what I so ardently wished for. I now behold the greatest ornament of the age we live in. Sir, I have often read and heard of the miraculous effects of your instructions, of which I never think or speak but with the utmost astonishment and admiration. To what lucky incident am I indebted for this honour? Favour me, Sir, with your commands, and you shall find me ready to execute them with fidelity and transport!"

The Abbé, having thanked his kind advocate, proceeded to relate the whole he knew of Theo-

dore, from the night when he first took charge of him, to the hour then present. When he had concluded, the Counsellor, with all the fire of enthusiasm and feeling, exclaimed,

"Oh, if ever I felt proud of my profession, it is at this moment, when I am called on by such a man to employ all my zeal and exertion to defend the weak against the power of the strong, which I esteem the most noble privilege the law can boast! But, Sir, in doing this, I must put the most tender feelings of friendship on the rack; for know, that the treacherous D'Arlemont is the father of my dear St. Alme, my most beloved friend, who is totally ignorant of the atrocious deeds of his parent, and believes that the young Count Julius, with whom he was brought up from infancy, really died at Paris, where he had been taken by D'Arlemont to seek a cure for his deplorable privations. What then will become of the accomplished and virtuous St. Alme, when he finds a culprit in his father? His ardent soul and extreme sensibility must lead him to distraction. But you shall triumph! Theodore shall be avenged. Yet pardon the just tribute I pay to friendship, and the involuntary emotion I endure. I must likewise not conceal

from you, that your cause will be attended with many difficulties. To wrest large possessions from the hands of an ambitious and powerful usurper, and convict him of a conspiracy to defraud the lawful heir, are objects which require the greatest precaution. I would therefore advise, that we should first go to the Hotel d'Harancour, where you will attack D'Arlemont with the irresistible weapons your study of nature has given you, and I with those of the law, and the energy arising from a virtuous cause. Audacious as he is, he will scarcely resist our united force."

The Abbé approved of this proposal, and they agreed soon to try its effect. "But, in the first place," said Franval, "let me entreat the favour that you will remove your amiable charge to my house, and that you will both honour me so far as to take up your abode here, till this important business is finished."

The Abbé, who saw the heart of his new friend in his looks, immediately complied with his request. D'Arlemont had for eight years experienced the truth of that declaration, "There is no peace to the wicked." He thought he had laid asleep all suspicion of his crimes, but he could not quiet his own conscience. This faith-

ful monitor was always whispering to him that Julius was still alive, and that he might one day claim his right.

This apprehension was greatly increased by the footman, who was present at the scene before the gate, as already related. This man had told D'Arlemont that he had seen two strangers standing before his house, who looked at it most earnestly, and conversed together by signs; that one of them was a reverend old man; the other young, and seemed to be deaf and dumb; and added, "You can't think, Sir, how like he is to that picture which hangs up in the great hall."

This made D'Arlemont almost mad with rage; he would hear no more, but sternly commanded the servant to quit his presence, and be silent. Left alone, he tried to persuade himself that his fears were groundless.

"'Tis impossible," said he, "that after eight years—removed to the distance of sixty leagues —so much care and precaution—and so adroitly lost in the midst of Paris—no, it can never be—Julius d'Harancour is now no more! But were he still living, what information can an orphan, who is deaf and dumb, (and in whom no one has any interest,) give of his country, birth, or name?"

Thus was this wretched man endeavouring to

deceive himself, when the names of De l'Epée and Franval were announced.

"De l'Epée!" repeated D'Arlemont; "the celebrated instructor of the deaf and dumb! what can he want with me?"

A cold sweat bedewed his face, and he trembled in every limb, when the unwelcome visitors entered his study. Thinking to conceal his confusion under the mask of haughtiness, he demanded what they wanted; and by what right, and in what capacity, they had intruded on his retirement?

"By what right?" replied the Abbé de l'Epée: "by that of eight years of labour, care, and patience, and that which every feeling man has to assist his fellow-creatures. As to the capacity in which I come, Providence, whose sovereign will directs both fate and fortune, has intrusted to my hands your nephew, the Count Julius d'Harancour!"

D'Arlemont started at the name; but artfully trying to conceal his perturbation, bade them not trouble him with such idle tales; for it was well known that Julius d'Harancour died at Paris eight years ago, and there was legal evidence to prove it.

Counsellor Franval, on a significant look from

the Abbé, now left the room, and presently returned, leading in Theodore.

D'Arlemont, thrown off his guard by the unexpected appearance of his injured nephew, cried out in an agony, "Ah! 'tis he!—'tis he!—save me from him!" and sunk on a chair, convulsed with horror.

Theodore, instantly recollecting D'Arlemont, shrieked aloud, and flew, in violent agitation, to the arms of his protector, as if still apprehensive of further wrongs. The scene was interesting and awful—Nature struggled hard with D'Arlemont, but could not prevail.

Hardened in wickedness, and obstinately bent on endeavouring to conceal his guilt, he once more assumed a determined air, and haughtily declared, that the boy before him was an impostor; that he never saw him before; that the young Count Julius d'Harancour died at Paris eight years ago, and that his death was, at the time, regularly proved and authenticated by legal documents.

"The falsehood of which is demonstrated," exclaimed the Abbé de l'Epée, "and is now more evident than ever. Your countenance shews it. Believe me, the man who has studied nature for sixty years, and traced all her actions and ap-

pearances, may easily read the hearts of men. A single moment was enough to convince me of what was passing in yours."

"I demand," said Monsieur Franval, "through the medium of the Abbé de l'Epée, the restitution of the estates and title of this injured orphan."

"No," replied D'Arlemont, "I never will acknowledge this stranger as the heir D'Harancour, whose death is certain; and I shall be able to prove it before the tribunals."

"Beware of appearing there," answered Franval.—"However great your influence and power, be assured you shall not escape. 'Tis in vain you struggle thus with Nature; she herself has pronounced your condemnation. Yield, I beseech you! Think on your unfortunate son! and save me the pangs of exposing to public infamy the father of my dear St. Alme."

"I defy your threats," said D'Arlemont. "Begone, leave my house!"

"*Your* house!" replied the Abbé de l'Epée: "this is its master" (taking Theodore by the hand). "If this intelligent youth were not Julius, would he have shewn that abhorrence at the sight of you, which a pure heart always feels at beholding him who has wickedly caused its

misfortunes? But come, thou interesting and unfortunate orphan; thou reed that hast so long bent beneath the tempest; come—and if the laws avenge thee not—should avarice and imposture again expel thee from thy native home—still shall the heart of the aged De l'Epée, and his peaceful roof, afford thee an asylum!"

D'Arlemont was no sooner left alone, than all the horrors of a guilty conscience rushed upon him.

"O that I had never wronged this orphan!" cried he—"how miserable has my ambition made me! O fortune, fortune! how many humiliations dost thou inflict, and how dear have thy favours cost me! What a cruel necessity am I under, to be a dependant on the will of a servant! None but Dupré can be a witness against me; and if he should betray me!—But see, he comes."

At this instant Dupré entered. Dupré had been a servant in the Hotel d'Harancour for more than fifty years; and, till prevailed on by the arts and bribes of D'Arlemont, his conduct had been irreproachable. From that fatal day he had never known a moment's peace. His fellow-servant having told him that a young man, exactly resembling the picture in the great hall, had lately been seen at the gate of the hotel; hat he fainted there; that he was deaf and dumb,

but conversed by signs with a venerable man who was with him; and that they were both at the house of Counsellor Franval; Dupré determined to repair thither; and if he found (as he was almost certain he should) the young Count Julius still alive, there to make a full confession of his crimes.

Impressed with this idea, he now approached D'Arlemont, and giving him a paper, "Take back," said he, "the wages of iniquity! Take back what has destroyed my peace! No longer will I enjoy the fruits of my crimes! Enjoy, did I say? No, Sir, you nor I can never enjoy what was purchased by eternal infamy! I appeal to you, whose guilty looks betray the agonies of your mind."

D'Arlemont, mad with fury, was going to draw his sword on Dupré; but recollecting that he should be amenable to the laws of murder, and dreading nothing so much as death, he suffered Dupré to depart. And now a most affecting interview took place at Franval's. This was the unexpected meeting of St. Alme and Theodore.

They no sooner saw than they recollected each other; and it was difficult to decide which shewed the greatest transport. Fast locked in each other's arms, they remained some time immoveable. At last St. Alme exclaimed, "Ah!

my dear Julius! if thou art so interesting without speech, what wouldst thou be, if we could hear thee? How we have loved each other! The moment of our separation seems still present with me. Though thou couldst not speak, thy countenance was full of expression, and every gesture was affecting; since then my heart has seemed a void, but now thou art come to fill it, we will part no more."

St. Alme, unconscious of the dark designs that had been executed against the beloved companion of his childhood, was anticipating in his innocent mind the joy his father would receive at finding Julius still alive; and the Abbé and Franval were beholding with pleasure the scene before them, when Dupré rushed in, and throwing himself at the feet of Theodore, cried, "'Tis true; Heaven has preserved him! And I am now come, with shame and remorse, to make a full confession of my crimes before all present. Know, then, that about eight years ago, D'Arlemont, the uncle of this injured orphan, ordered me to accompany him and this sweet youth in a post-chaise to Paris. After having passed the Barrière d'Enfer, we stopped at an inn. He then ordered me to procure some beggar's clothes, and put them on the young Count

Julius (who was then a child), offering me great rewards if I complied, but instant death if I refused. Would I had died, ere I had polluted fifty years of honesty by so foul a deed! But I yielded—money, that destroyer of men's souls, soon procured the clothes of a beggar boy, and I disguised my young master in them, but not without his shewing signs of great indignation at the disgraceful habit.

"This my first act of villainy being accomplished, D'Arlemont appeared well pleased; and telling me to hire a chaise, set off in it, taking with him his devoted victim. In the evening he returned *alone*, at which expressing my surprise, and pressing him with many questions, he told me he had just executed a plan he had long formed, of losing Julius d'Harancour in the midst of Paris. I was struck with horror at the part I had already acted in this woful scene; but there was another still to be performed.

"In order to procure possession of the estates d'Harancour, it was necessary for D'Arlemont legally to prove the death of his nephew; for which purpose two witnesses were requisite. Of these, the first was the master of the inn where we lodged at Paris; the second was—my guilty self!

D'Arlemont took us to a church, where, every thing being prepared, we signed the entry of the young Count's death. A few days after this, the unnatural uncle, and perfidious servant, whom you now see before you, returned to Toulouse. From the fatal day when I first yielded to temptation, I have never known a moment's peace; but the ways of Providence are always just. Heaven has preserved him—and I am now come to declare my readiness to make a public confession of my crimes, and to accuse myself in open court. I know the punishment that awaits me, but am resigned to my fate."

No words can describe the feelings of the agonized St. Alme during this relation. To find a criminal in his father, and to find that father about to be exposed to public justice, was too much for his reason. Seizing Dupré furiously by the collar, he dragged him to the study of D'Arlemont.

This wretched man had passed the time since Dupré left him, in the utmost anxiety and terror. No sooner, then, did he behold him dragged in by his son, than he instantly guessed that he had betrayed him. Dupré, now released by St. Alme, declared to D'Arlemont that he had discovered all, and that he was resolved publicly to accuse both himself and his master.

"You have made me a sharer, Sir," said he, "in your crimes, and you shall be a partaker in my punishment."

D'Arlemont started at this threat. St. Alme, almost distracted, threw himself at his feet,

"In the name of all that is sacred, sir, (said he,) yield not to this fatal ambition, which will destroy us both. Restore, oh restore that property which does not lawfully belong to you. Though I should be left destitute of fortune, yet shall I possess that which is of infinitely more value—a name without reproach. Oh my father! I implore you not to dishonour both yourself and me. I will never live in infamy; and this shall be the last hour you shall behold me, if you do not acknowledge Julius to be the heir D'Harancour. I swear most solemnly never to partake of that wealth which has been so unjustly obtained."

The dread of an indelible stigma on his name, and the certainty of losing his only child, for whose aggrandisement he had been chiefly tempted to this injustice, at length produced the desired effect. Nature triumphed! the father yielded.

"Yes, St. Alme," cried he, "your virtue has prevailed! If the admonitions of a father can bring back his wandering child to the paths of

virtue, why should not those of a son, and such a son, reclaim an erring father?"

D'Arlemont, with trembling hand, now wrote the following testimony of the sincerity of his repentance:

"I acknowledge the deaf and dumb pupil of the Abbé de l'Epée, known by the name of Theodore, to be the true Julius Count d'Harancour, to whom I am ready immediately to restore all his rights."

"My son," said he, "give this to the Abbé de l'Epée, and tell him that D'Arlemont, returning to his own moderate fortune, will endeavour to repair, by his future conduct, the injuries he has caused by his former bad example."

St. Alme flew on the wings of joy, with this welcome paper, to the Abbé de l'Epée; who, after reading it aloud, gave it to his pupil, whose intelligent face shewed the delight of his soul at the contents. Joy sparkled in every eye.

The Abbé, with fervour, offered thanks to Heaven for the accomplishment of his most earnest wish; and Franval for being relieved from the painful task of exposing to public infamy the father of his friend.

Julius, no more Theodore, but the acknowledged heir D'Harancour, casting a look at St.

Alme, suddenly became thoughtful, and retiring to a desk for some time, returned with satisfaction in his looks, and presented the effusions of his benevolent heart, couched in these affecting terms:

"I cannot enjoy happiness at the expense of the friend of my earliest infancy. I give to Augustus St. Alme one half of my estate. He must not refuse it; for we have been accustomed from children to divide as brothers; and our hearts, now they are again united, must not renounce their former sympathies."

St. Alme, overpowered with gratitude, sunk into the arms of Julius, while the Abbé, exulting, cried, "This single act more than repays me for all my labour!"

"Kind, generous man!" said Franval, "you ought to be proud of your work. Compare what your pupil is now, with what he was when first you saw him, and took him under your roof, and enjoy the fruits of your exalted virtues!"

"I own," replied the Abbé, "it has cost me more application than I can describe; but the sublime idea of giving birth, as it were, to intellect and talents, gave strength and energy to mine. If the laborious husbandman, when he beholds the riches that clothe his once unculti-

vated fields, experiences a pleasure proportioned to his exertions, judge what I must feel, when I behold around me a number of unfortunate objects, gradually penetrating the obscurity that envelopes them, receiving the first rays of the Deity, attaining to the inexpressible happiness that springs from the powers of reflection, and the communication of ideas — thus forming an interesting family, of which I am the father. Others may possess more brilliant pleasures, and arrive at them more easily ; but I doubt whether all nature can furnish any more solid. To my children must I soon return; they claim my few remaining days on earth; and when I quit this mortal frame, may I depart in peace!"

The Hotel d'Harancour again became the abode of happiness and comfort. All the old servants who had been discharged by D'Arlemont unprovided for were replaced in their former situations; and Julius, convinced of the true repentance of Dupré, granted him forgiveness.

Here, then, at length, is this deserted orphan restored to the possessions of his ancestors! he succeeds to their venerable name, and is surrounded by those he has made happy! O Providence! how wonderful are thy ways!

The parting between Julius and the Abbé, which took place soon after, was painful and affectionate as imagination can conceive. The young Count would never have brought himself to consent to the afflicting separation, but for the recollection of the almost insupportable sufferings, which the absence of their inestimable preceptor must have caused to the numerous pupils he had left at his hospitable seminary.

"It is Julius," thought he, "who has occasioned this long and grievous absence! What it has been to *them* I too well know by what *I feel* at this moment! Ought I not then to practise *now* that self-denial for the good of others which my second father has so often taught me? I will, let the task be ever so severe."

The Abbé de l'Epée returned in safety to the abode of beneficence, where he had been most impatiently expected by his pupils, who had all mourned and lamented his absence. As soon as they again beheld their adored instructor, a penetrating cry of joy resounded from every corner of the school. Immediately they rushed towards him; the oldest surround their beloved master, press him to their hearts, and hold him in their arms.—The little ones kiss his hands, cling to his

garments, and climb up to his breast and his head. The good Abbé wishes to communicate to each of his pupils what passes in his own heart; but to extend over them his beneficent hands, to tell, by signs, that he loves them all with the same paternal affection as when he left them, and that he receives them all into his bosom, is the utmost he is able to do, all that the blissful state of his soul allows him power to express.

At length all parties becoming more composed, the Abbé resumed his truly Christian office of instructor to those who most stood in need of it, and for some years longer continued to set an example to all mankind, of the most perfect virtue that human nature is capable of attaining; yet did he always endeavour to throw a veil of modesty over his exalted genius, to conceal his unequalled virtues from the glare of public praise. Possessed of an income of fourteen thousand French livres per annum, the Abbé de l'Epée never allowed himself to expend more than two thousand livres, considering the remainder of his fortune as the patrimony of his pupils. During the severe winter of 1788, at which time he was grown very old, and suffered under many infirmities, he deprived himself of firewood, till his

housekeeper, attended by forty deaf and dumb pupils, all in tears, and making signs of entreaty that he would preserve his life, were it only for their sake, after unceasing importunity, prevailed on him, as it were by force, to exceed his usual expenditure by three hundred livres, about twelve pounds sterling. But the worthy man ever regretted this compliance; and when sporting with his children, used to say, "I have robbed you of three hundred livres."

The Empress Catherine II. grandmother to the present Emperor of Russia, sent her ambassador to pay a visit to the Abbé de l'Epée, to assure him of the great veneration and esteem in which she held his character and his institution; offering him at the same time a very considerable present.

"Tell her Imperial Majesty, Sir," said De l'Epée, "that I never accept gold; tell her, that if my labours are worthy of her regard, all I request is, that she will send me a child born deaf and dumb."

At the beginning of the French revolution, the health of the Abbé seemed to receive a severe shock, and continued rapidly to decline, till the year 1792, when he quitted all that was mortal. Heaven seems, in mercy, to have taken him at

this time, ere those dreadful events had taken place, which, to have beheld, would have wrung his pious heart with the most poignant anguish.

Of all the great men whom France ever produced, the memory of none will be more warmly cherished by posterity than that of the Abbé de l'Epée. If she has raised statues to those heroes whose exploits have contributed to her glory, can she refuse one to him whose creative genius, whose unceasing exertions, whose unequalled patience, have repaired those defects which nature had left in her works?

The venerable Sicard was appointed by the Abbé de l'Epée as the best qualified of all others to succeed him in his institution; and he gave great satisfaction in the execution of this arduous and important task. But all his merit could not save him from becoming obnoxious to the rulers of France; and he would have been imprisoned, had not the incorruptible fidelity of a friend preserved him. This friend concealed him for two years in a cellar under his house; thus risking his own life to save one he valued more.

By the light of a lamp, whose faint glimmer seemed both to discover the venerable traits of the estimable recluse, and to betray his place of refuge, did Sicard write many valuable works,

tending to bestrew with flowers the first studies of children, to facilitate their progress, and to render the performance of duty more easy to their instructors; thus revenging himself on the injustice of men, only by heaping new benefits upon them. In the mean time his deaf and dumb scholars grieved for the absence of their teacher. Sometimes they looked up to the windows of his apartments, and their eyes were bedewed with tears; or they would regard with fixed attention the arm-chair where Sicard used to sit, when he tried to console them for the loss of his predecessor. Of all the various gestures that at other times animated their countenances, the expressions of sorrow alone remained. One of them in particular, Jean Massieu, the fifth of the same family who had been taken into this institution, was so affected by the loss of his teacher, that, to pacify him, they were obliged to make him acquainted with the place of Sicard's refuge.

This young man, whose understanding and talents all Paris admired, notwithstanding à very weak state of health, had been promoted to the place of tutor in the school, with a salary of twelve hundred francs. This small income he repeatedly offered to share with Sicard.

"My father," said he, by means of rapid signs,

"has nothing. I must provide him with food and clothing, and save him from the cruel fate that oppresses him."

He accordingly took the necessary steps with prudence, engaged some of his friends to assist him in putting his generous project into execution, and kept himself in readiness to lay hold of the first favourable opportunity.

At length the ardently wished-for moment arrived. A dramatic writer, whom the enthusiasm of his heart had rendered courageous, formed the resolution of interesting the public in favour of the successor of the Abbé de l'Epée, by producing on the stage a memorable scene from the life of that celebrated founder of the institution for instructing the deaf and dumb. The undertaking was dangerous, but the motive irresistible.

The audience shed tears to the memory of the Abbé de l'Epée; and whilst his sainted name was repeated, the unfortunate Sicard's was not forgotten.

At last, worked up to enthusiasm, the audience exclaimed, from every side, "Where's Sicard? Restore to us Sicard!"

From the emotion in every face, from the applause clapped from every hand, and from the transports of the author, it was easy for Massieu

to form an idea of the interest which the audience expressed in favour of his preceptor; and he so well contrived matters, that a few days afterwards he went to the house of a legislator, who was a friend of men of merit, and of the unfortunate, and where the brother of the Chief Consul happened, with many others, to be on a visit.

Massieu having here, by the affecting answers which he gave to the questions put to him, softened the hearts of all the company to a participation of his feelings, gave to the brother of the Chief Consul a letter which he had written in his presence, and which concluded with these affecting words:

"O promise me, that you will speak for us to the Chief Consul; they say he loves those men who labour for the happiness of others; surely then he must love Sicard, whose sole delight is to render the poor deaf and dumb happy!"

This touching language of nature excited the admiration of all present, and produced the most lively emotion. The amiable Massieu observed this, and immediately flung his arms round the neck of Joseph Bonaparté, and they both melted into tears. Indeed, no one present could refrain from this expression of their feelings.

Joseph Bonaparté was greatly affected; he

pressed the admirable pupil of Sicard to his heart, and requested his worthy friend to signify to him, that he would, on that same evening, present his letter to the Consul, and that he would venture to promise him it would have the wished-for effect.

The hopes thus given were not disappointed. The Consul ordered Sicard's name to be erased from the list of the proscribed ; and soon after he was restored to the right of again giving instructions to his pupils.

Thus did the inviolable friendship of him, who, for so long a time, exposed his life to the most imminent danger, by concealing Sicard, and the sensibility, persevering assiduity, and affection of the deaf and dumb Massieu, become the means of continuing to the world the blessings of the talents, patience, and beneficent labours of this celebrated man.

These events should remind all who read them of this maxim :

" That virtue, truth, and innocence, sooner or later, will triumph over the artifices of the wicked."

FALSE INDULGENCE.

Charles Hartley was the only son of a gentleman, who lived near Portsmouth, whose mind and body were equally incapable of making the slightest exertions, and who was destitute of all virtue except that of parental affection. Mr. Hartley had originally been intended for the church, but the natural indolence of his disposition, united to the imbecility of his understanding, had rendered him so inattentive to the necessary forms of the university, that, when he was examined for his degree, he made such vacant replies to the interrogations that were put to him, that the whole senate house were in a burst of laughter, and he was severely reprimanded for attempting to pass an examination.

Although few circumstances were able to make an impression upon Mr. Hartley's feelings, yet this public disgrace produced that extraordinary effect; and, unable to support the general ridicule, he instantly ordered a post-chaise, and drove down to his paternal inheritance, resolving never more to behold a place where his character had been stigmatized and his abilities degraded.

Scarcely had he arrived at his father's residence, when the pleasing intelligence of his being left an estate of fifteen hundred a year, by the unexpected bequest of his godfather, was announced to him; his disappointment was forgotten, his indignation subsided, and the idea of enjoying the comforts of life, without the trouble of procuring them, appeared the completion of all human felicity.

As his person was rather agreeable, and his fortune ample (for by the death of his father it was considerably augmented), no great exertions were required to form a matrimonial engagement; and, when that great business was once accomplished, he fancied himself authorised to pass the remainder of his days in total indolence and absolute inactivity.

Fifteen years had elapsed from that period, without any thing material occurring in Mr. Hartley's family; but at length, to the astonishment of the neighbourhood, and the great joy of his papa, the hero of this story made an unexpected appearance.

No sooner had Charles Hartley arrived on this theatre of action, than his father made the extraordinary resolution, never to let him be tormented with school discipline or private tui-

tion, but to bring him up in that total ignorance of learning and literature, which had occasioned him so much uneasiness and such unconquerable disgrace.

In this singular determination Mrs. Hartley perfectly coincided, for he had so frequently illustrated all the circumstances of his misfortune at Cambridge, and described tutors and masters in such terrifying colours, that Mrs. Hartley considered them as a band of tyrants, who delighted in cruelty, injustice, and oppression. Although her character was in many instances the reverse of her husband's, yet in point of *information* they were exactly similar, only that her defects proceeded more from education than from nature.

That Charles's disposition should have been totally unlike both father and mother, was certainly extraordinary; but, from the earliest infancy, he gave symptoms not only of an active mind, but of a superior understanding.

That he was able to run alone before he was twelve months old, was certainly owing to the admirable care which his nurse took of him; but that he should never be satisfied five minutes together in any situation, after he once had the use of his legs, was certainly an indi-

cation of that activity of character that afterwards marked his future actions.

By the time Charles was four years old, he had not only insured to himself the affection of father, mother, and servants, but he had contrived to initiate himself into the good opinion of the whole neighbourhood.

Mr. Hartley was so doatingly fond of his son, that he wished constantly to enjoy his society; but their dispositions were so totally opposite, that Charles found any company more agreeable. If his father could have trundled a hoop, played at trap-ball, cricket, or any of those favourite amusements, of course he would have preferred his society to Joe Turner's (a little foot-boy), who was hired as a playfellow to the young squire (as he was called); or had he been able to tell the story of Jack the Giant-killer, or Blue Beard, as frequently as nurse Buller did, he might then have had a chance of attracting his son's affections; but the insipidity of Mr. Hartley's character was so great, and his mind so barren and uninformed, that he was incapable of replying to those questions which the curiosity natural to childhood wished to have satisfied.

Though Charles appeared to have so little

satisfaction in his father's society, it neither proceeded from his want of feeling or affection, for Mr. Hartley had a dangerous illness when the child was about six years old, and he never quitted the apartment until he was recovered, and then he returned to his usual sports with an avidity that shewed a desire to make up for lost time.

Of his mother he was very fond; and, as she undertook to be his instructress in the art of reading, he would spend hours together in her apartment before his father was up in the morning, for no books were introduced into Mr. Hartley's presence: his aversion to them had been unconquerable from the time he had been refused his degrees at Cambridge.

About half a mile from Hartley Abbey, resided a Mr. Willson, a gentleman of large fortune; and as Charles and his companion Joe were one day passing the garden, the former was attracted by the appearance of some ripe grapes, which hung under glass bells for the purpose of ripening; and as Mr. Willson was walking unperceived, he overheard the following conversation:—

Charles.—"If you 'll let me get upon your shoulders, Joe, I can very easily scramble over

that hedge, for I must have one of those bunches of grapes, and so it don't signify."

"No, don't you get over, Master Hartley," replied Joe, "for fear you should scratch your legs; but let me get over, for I am not afraid of being seen, for Mr. Willson's coach passed us just as we came out."

"Do you think your legs won't feel a scratch as well as mine?" said Charles: "besides, if the gardener was to see you, he would give you a good threshing, and he would not touch me if I put this half-crown in his hand; and if I don't get a sight of his Honour I shall leave it in the glass, or else, perhaps, Mr. Willson may think the poor fellow has eaten the grapes himself; but if he finds a half-crown there, that will convince him to the contrary, and the grapes *I must* and will have." So saying, he mounted Joe's shoulders, and was over in a moment.

Mr. Willson did not discover himself until Charles had taken the grapes, put the half-crown into the glass, and was conveying them off in great triumph.

Conscious of having acted improperly, and incapable of forming any excuse, he stood for some moments fixed in astonishment: then approaching Mr. Willson, and taking off his hat,

"I could not help it, sir," said he, "indeed I could not help it, they looked so tempting I could not pass them; but I assure you I did not mean to *steal them*, and there's the half-crown I left to pay for them." Mr. Willson was so pleased with the ingenuous declaration, that he returned his money, gave him a second bunch of grapes, and in the most friendly manner explained to him the impropriety of yielding to a desire without reflecting upon its consequences.

Charles listened to him with the greatest attention, and promised never to forget his precepts: and Mr. Willson was so delighted with the openness of his manner, and his readiness to acknowledge his failings, that he invited him to come and eat grapes whenever he felt an inclination.

Charles was so much pleased with Mr. Willson's kindness and conversation, that, without saying any thing to his father, the next day he repeated his visit, and was much delighted at being introduced to a companion about two years older than himself. An intimacy between the two boys soon succeeded, and Charles heard with real concern that his new friend was to return to Winchester school in less than a fortnight, and he experienced so much satisfaction

in his society, that the idea of a separation was truly painful.

Charles's mind was naturally too active for him ever to remain unoccupied, and those hours which other boys usually devote to study and improvement were by him spent in some fanciful invention or mischievous exploit.

Although he was not cruel by nature, and on the contrary, had really a very feeling heart, yet from mere want of reflection, and boyish folly, he was often guilty of actions that might have been attributed to hardness of heart.

His favourite nurse had left the family some years, and it generally fell to the lot of Mrs. Dorcas (as she was called) to comb his hair, wash his neck, and pay those little attentions to his person which had formerly been performed by his *good old woman*, as he used to call his nurse.

As Mrs. Dorcas fancied herself rather degraded by this office, which she thought beneath a *lady's maid*, she did not perform it with that civility Charles expected, and open warfare was declared between them. Dorcas thought it very pretty to have all the airs of a fine lady, and therefore she was subject to those little imperfections which generally attend the charac-

ter: such as constant alarms, frequent hysterics, and occasional faintings. As Charles fancied all these symptoms of delicate feelings rather *affected* than real, he took care to call them often into action, sometimes by tying black crape over his face, and standing upon a ladder against her window; at others, by dressing himself up in a white sheet, and going into her bed-room after the family were retired to rest; and a thousand tricks of that sort, too numerous to relate.

Mrs. Dorcas had a brother, a gardener, in the same village, who might certainly be said to be the only person in it that was not absolutely *attached to Charles:* but the sister's prejudice extended to the whole of the family; and as Charles unluckily happened to injure a bed of tulips, as he one day ran through the man's garden in pursuit of a favourite rabbit, the dislike was strengthened into an absolute hatred, although he gave him all the money he had in his pocket, and promised him *more*, as soon as he had a fresh supply. The man, not satisfied with the compensation, went directly to Mr. Hartley, and issuing a formal complaint against his son, demanded reparation for the *injury* he had sustained. For this conduct Charles was

determined to be revenged, and getting up at four o'clock the next morning, assisted by his friend Joe, he contrived to cover every leaf of the tulips with thick blacking; and, not satisfied with that revenge, they cut off all the hairs, and then shaved a little white French dog, which had been presented to the gardener's wife by a French priest who lodged with them.

Before Charles's introduction to Mr. Willson's family he had never even heard the very mention of Latin and Greek; but now that he was told that a knowledge of those languages was absolutely necessary for every gentleman to be acquainted with, he felt his own inferiority, and conjured his father to let him return to school with Henry Willson.

Mr. Hartley received his son's request with the most inexpressible astonishment, and attempted to convince him of its folly, by a full detail of his own sufferings, both when at school and at college; but Charles was neither to be dissuaded from his design nor intimidated from pursuing it, and his father's opposition seemed only to increase his ardour.

The going to school was positively denied, but a tutor at home was at length agreed to, as soon as a proper one could be found; in the

mean time Henry returned to school, and at parting presented his friend with a book of travels, by way of occupying his time until the arrival of the expected tutor.

Charles received the gift with the highest satisfaction, and hurried home to feast his imagination with its contents. To describe the avidity with which he perused the work, is impossible; he rose early, sat up late, and forgot the joys both of cricket and trap-ball; every country that he read of he longed to visit, and the inactivity of his own life was absolutely irksome.

Although Hartley Abbey was not six miles from Portsmouth, yet Charles had nearly completed his eleventh year without having rambled so far from home.

Henry's present had put all his ideas into motion, and calling Joe, he enquired if he knew the way to Portsmouth.

"Know it, sir?" replied the boy; "ay, every inch of the ground, as well as you do round our paddock."

"Well,' said Charles, "I have a fancy to see it, and if you will rise early to-morrow morning, we can be back again before my papa comes down stairs.

Joe was delighted at his young master's proposal, and promised to call him at six o'clock. As Charles was generally an early riser, and always had a bason of milk as soon as he came down, the house-maid gave it him as usual, and saw him go out, attended by Joe, without asking any questions.

As he was in the habit of taking a great deal of exercise, he arrived at Portsmouth without being sensible of the least fatigue, and beheld a scene that called forth his astonishment, admiration, and delight.

The ships, docks, arsenals, storehouses, and barracks, were all objects of delight and amazement: and as he stood silently viewing the wondrous scene before him, a middle-aged man, dressed in a smart naval uniform, approached, and, in a good-humoured, friendly manner, offered to accompany him round the dock-yard.

Charles, who was all curiosity and astonishment, gladly accepted the stranger's civility, and, before they had seen half the curiosities the place contained, he yielded to his entreaties to accompany him on board his ship.

Joe, who was excessively afraid of the water, and likewise began to apprehend he should get into disgrace with his master and mistress, en-

deavoured to dissuade Charles from accepting the officer's invitation; but, eager to indulge the impulse of the moment, and delighted at the opportunity of gratifying his curiosity, he was wholly inattentive to all that was said to him, and desiring Joe to wait his return, he stepped into a boat, which his companion hailed, and was on board the ship in less than ten minutes.

Joseph continued sauntering about the dock-yard for some time, and at length seated himself upon some planks of timber, impatient for his young master's return, and dreading the resentment of his old one. In this agitated state of mind, how must his terrors have increased at perceiving a sudden darkness overspread the sky, and hearing the mariners declare there was every appearance of a violent tempest! 'Twas in vain that he ran to the spot from which his young master had embarked, in the hopes of seeing him return; not a single boat was perceived in action, and the sailors were busily engaged in making fast their moorings. The gathering storm soon burst over his head, loud peals of thunder were succeeded by vivid flashes of forked lightning! The wind arose, the rain descended, and evening approached to complete the horror of the scene.

Drenched with the torrents that had fallen, terrified at the prospect around him, and convinced it was impossible his young master could return, the affrighted boy at length determined to endeavour to find his way to the Abbey; but before he had reached more than half the distance, night advanced so hastily upon him, that he was absolutely unable to proceed, and seating himself under the shade of a spreading oak, he loudly bewailed his own misfortunes. He had not remained there many minutes, when he perceived distant lights glimmering in various places, and distinctly heard voices in different parts repeat alternately the names of Master Hartley and Joe Turner.

"Here I am!" exclaimed Joe, his heart palpitating with joy at the sound; "here I am, under the oak tree!" The lights quickly approached, and what was Joe's astonishment at beholding his master (who for eighteen years had never gone beyond the precincts of his own estate) drenched with rain, and accompanied by Mr. Willson, his servants, and half the parish.

"Where's my boy?" he exclaimed; "where's my darling boy? Tell me directly, you rascal, or I shall lose my senses with terror and anxiety!"

"Compose your spirits, my good sir," said Mr. Willson, "and do not give way to unnecessary alarms; I doubt not but the lad will be enabled to give a very good account of my young friend." Then, turning to Joe, "Come, my good fellow," said he, "be brief, and tell us where you have left young Hartley."

Joe instantly fell upon his knees, regardless of the pool of water into which he plunged, and in a very prolix style related the whole account of what had happened, from their leaving the Abbey in the morning, to Charles's accompanying the stranger on board his ship.

The idea of his son being exposed to the danger of the warring elements in such a tremendous night, was too much for Mr. Hartley's fortitude to sustain, and he beat his breast, tore his hair, and absolutely acted the part of a madman.

Mr. Willson pitied both his weakness and want of resolution, and used every argument in his power to persuade him to return to the Abbey, but in vain, for he resolved to go on to Portsmouth, and Mr. Willson had too much compassion to suffer him to be unattended.

The tempest continued to rage with the most dreadful violence during the whole of the night, and never abated until six o'clock the next

morning. The unhappy father could not be persuaded to go to bed; and as soon as it was light, he sallied forth to take a view of the shipping, and endeavour to get intelligence of his darling son. But what an agonizing prospect met his view! Ships driven from their anchors! masts floating on the water! boats upset! and every object that met his eye tended to impress the idea of his child being lost for ever!

Agonized with grief, and frantic with despair, he stopped every creature that he met to endeavour to obtain some intelligence of his boy, and at length he had the good fortune to encounter one of the sailors who had rowed him to the ship. His joy at this circumstance was almost equal to his grief, and taking out his purse, he promised the man the whole of its contents, if he would restore the child to his longing arms.

"All that!" exclaimed the man, rubbing his hands, and looking at the purse with astonishment; "why, that's enough to make a man jump mast high to think of! However, your honour, I'll haul young Fresh Water overboard, and moor him safely by your side, or never tread the gang-way again, that's all" So saying, away he flew, jumped into the first boat, and rowed towards a large ship, that appeared to

have suffered but little injury from the last tempestuous weather.

Mr. Willson, who had risen early and missed his companion, just arrived upon the beach as the sailor had taken his leave, and, drawing a telescope from his pocket, anxiously watched all his motions; and, in less than ten minutes after he boarded the Bellona, which was the name of the ship Charles had been enticed to take a survey of, he had the satisfaction of seeing him return, accompanied by the runaway and a naval officer.

Mr. Hartley's joy at once more beholding the object of his affection, was greater than can be imagined, and Lieutenant Anson returned with his little companion to apologize for the uneasiness he had unintentionally occasioned: he told Mr. Hartley, that, being attracted by the ingenuous countenance of his son, he had entered into conversation with him, and finding him anxious to discover the utility of the objects around him, he had offered to explain them, and being delighted with his remarks, and charmed with his society, he had inadvertently taken him on board a ship without enquiring whether he was expected at home: that the succeeding storm had rendered it impossible to carry him

on shore, and his courage and manly conduct during that scene of danger had endeared him to all the officers, and it was their united wish that Mr. Hartley would suffer him to become a sailor.

"Suffer him to become a sailor, Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Hartley; "why, I would much sooner make him a shoeblack! My very existence depends upon his society, and my life would fall a sacrifice if I was deprived of it."

"As to your making your son a sailor, my good sir," said Mr. Willson, "that is a mode of life I should not think of recommending; but let me have the pleasure of convincing you that it is your duty as a parent to render him fit to fill some one station in life with honour to himself and credit to his father. From some strange prejudice, or some private pique, you seem to have an aversion both to science and information; but Providence has blest you with a son, Mr. Hartley, whose superiority of abilities, and ardency of imagination, absolutely require a constant exertion; and if you do not take the trouble of turning them into their proper channel, you will convert that into a misfortune, which might have proved a real blessing."

"So you will, papa," said Charles; "and I

am sure I understand what Mr. Willson means: I should like to be a sailor, to be sure; and so I told Mr. Anson, because then I should always have something to do; but I would much rather go to Winchester, because then I might get before boys that are older than myself; for Henry says, those who have a mind to fag, may always get forward at Winchester."

"Well, well, we 'll think about it," said Mr. Hartley; "for if you will puzzle your brain with Latin and Greek, you e'en must: but, remember, I 'll quit Hartley Abbey, and take a house at Winchester; for I would not sleep another night without you, to become master of the universe."

The plan of taking a house at Winchester was immediately adopted, and at the same time a distant relation of Mr. Willson's arrived in the country, for the benefit of the air. This gentleman was one of the principal assistants at Winchester school, and being delighted with the natural superiority of Charles Hartley's understanding, undertook to prepare him for his admission into the school: and in the course of three months' close application, he was as completely versed in the rudiments of Latin grammar, as many boys who have studied it the same

term of years ; and before he had been entered one year, he obtained a superiority over others who had been stationed there four or five.

Charles's mind, once occupied in a laudable pursuit, was no longer amused by mischievous exploits, or childish amusements ; and when the period arrived that he was to quit Winchester, he carried away with him the most flattering testimonials both of his conduct and abilities ; and though he was not admitted into that seat of learning until he had attained his eleventh year, yet, by close study and intense application, he soon out-stripped his predecessors.

THE END.

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